

THE
MAGNIFICENT
SEVEN

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THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN

FADE UP ON:

EXT. ROSE CREEK - DAY

A lovely little town on the California/Oregon border. Well kept and cared for.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

** Main street has a hand full of buildings - dry goods, livery, stables, church, school house, a boarding house and one friendly saloon/hotel. Looks like a nice place to live.

** Townsfolk go about their business, nodding as they shuffle across streets. We notice some tension in their step.

** Just outside of town an encampment of tents gives the impression that Rose Creek is bursting at the seams.

** In a nearby field A FARMER struggles behind a plow pulled by a mule, making furrows with sweat and love. Then --

AN EXPLOSION

The Mule bucks, startled, and tosses the plow and the farmer sideways. The Farmer looks to the nearby mountain and watches as a cloud of dust moves past him. He tosses his hat, beyond pissed.

EXT. SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN - DAY

JOHNSON MINE: A sign says so. A REDUCTION WORKS and MINE are built up the mountain alongside the town: a trestle-tower, two smokestacks, a large *shaft* into the mountain where MINERS, slaves really, tough, desperate men - Cornish, Irish, Chinese, black - peer through the dust from the explosion. Steam powered hydraulic water blasters suck from the river and spit pressurized water into the side of the mountain, causing large chunks of shale to fall away.

One of the miners, TOPPER, a tough Irishman, looks upon the valley with a degree of contempt for the whole enterprise, then over to the JOHNSON MINE sign, which is being pulled down by several workers. As it hits the ground --

WORKER (O.S.)
Fire in the hole!

Another EXPLOSION.

EXT. CULLEN FARMHOUSE - DAY

EMMA CULLEN tends to her modest garden. She's lovely but it would piss her off if you called her that to her face. She reacts to the explosion and casts her eyes to the nearby mountain as the cloud of dust spreads across the valley.

She shares a look with a NEIGHBOR passing in a wagon. Their disdain for the noise and interruption is evident. Then her eyes go back toward the mountain.

EXT. RIVER - DAY

Runs between the mountain and the town. MATTHEW CULLEN stands by the water, a flock of sheep behind him. He, too, stares at the mountain. Then his eyes go to the river, which foams orange and brown. Looks dead. He cups some of the water, stares at it, smells it, then tosses it aside in disgust and strides away with purpose.

INT. CULLEN HOUSE, ROSE CREEK - DAY

Matthew Cullen throws on a jacket as Emma looks on.

EMMA

Don't do this.

MATTHEW

He's got no right.

EMMA

Right? I don't think Bogue cares about rights.

MATTHEW

There'll always be his kind. I won't turn cur at a rich man's heel.

(off her look)

He's just a man. We *built* Rose Creek. And we mean to take it back.

He moves to her, kisses her...

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Worry's only trouble you don't have yet, Candy Apple.

EMMA

Whyn't you stay home, take a bite of me? The way you like.

He actually considers it for a second - she's that appealing, then he turns for the door.

MATTHEW

Wait for me. I'll make it worth the while.

He winks and exits. Her eyes go to the hunting rifle leaning by the door - the one he left behind.

EXT. ROSE CREEK - DAY

Matthew is joined by SEVERAL OTHER MEN as they make their way down Main Street. Still others join in and soon they number two dozen. Several have rifles.

MATTHEW

Shows bad faith, bringing arms.

FELLOW CITIZEN

Faith ain't turned nothing but bad here, Matty.

MATTHEW

Keep 'em under your coat.

INT. THE IMPERIAL SALOON, ROSE CREEK - DAY

A cut-rate saloon/hotel, HANK STONER, owner, sits with coffee while his employee, TEDDY Q, wipes glasses-- FENTON, an old man, plays Bach two measures slow-- They watch out a window as Matthew Cullen and his group pass by --

TEDDY

Think it's gonna get rough, Hank?

STONER

I think it already did. Wouldn't surprise me if Ellis Johnson's buried in his own mine.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Cullen and his GROUP tromp through mud, walking in the center of the street.

Various *hard men* (BLACKSTONE AGENCY DETECTIVES) subtly manifest in the group's wake-- They follow Cullen's group as--

DOWN the street, a TEACHER leads twelve CHILDREN (4-10) in a line across the street, looking anxiously at the AGENTS as she guides the children to the *Johnson Schoolhouse*.

A YOUNG BOY, ANTHONY, 12 or so, watches from the schoolhouse door until his FATHER, JOSIAH, a meek, skinny headmaster, grabs him by the collar and pulls him inside.

EXT. ROOFTOP, BANK - DAY

SEVEN MEN with rifles crouch on the flat roof of a three-storey BANK BUILDING, watching the group pass.

INT. THE ELYSIUM HOTEL - DAY

GAVIN DAVID stands behind the front desk of the modest hotel he owns, his lobby filled with a dozen BLACKSTONE AGENTS and BARTHOLOMEW BOGUE, natty, cold-eyed. DENALI, a large Comanche bodyguard in a bowler hat, stands behind him. WATTS and McCANN, the head of the AGENTS stand to the side.

Across from Bogue sits MAXWELL, the mine manager.

BOGUE

I'll return in a month. By then I expect every ounce of gold to be out of that bump they call a mountain.

MAXWELL

You can't just blast holes without it giving way. You blast, you clear, you build support then you mine. Otherwise it caves and people die.

BOGUE

I don't deal in *otherwise*, Mr. Maxwell. I deal in results. And I expect them or I'll find someone else to deliver.

SHERIFF HARP, a soft, bought man with a tin star, walks in--

HARP

Trouble coming.

Bogue only answers with silence and dead eyes-- He looks to Watts and McCann, lieutenants, and nods.

EXT. THE ELYSIUM HOTEL

Watts is tall and thin in a stovepipe oilcoat, Mennonite hat-- Bald as stone, Watts has a *bullet hole scar* dead center of his forehead-- McCann stands beside him, an Irish scrapper--

Agents follow out after them, all meeting Cullen's GROUP in the street out front-- Tense--

MATTHEW

Here to speak with Mr. Bogue.

Watts moves asides, reveals Bogue in doorway of the hotel-- stares at them, forcing them to speak first.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Where's Ellis Johnson?

BOGUE

Back east, I'd wager. Living off the fortune I paid him for his mine.

MATTHEW

He helped build this town. His wife is buried on that hill. Not like him to just leave.

BOGUE

Guess you didn't know him like I did. We saw eye to eye.

MATTHEW

Rose Creek was here long before there was a mine.

BOGUE

And this concerns me how?

MATTHEW

It concerns you because we live here and you don't. Because we care for this place and you never will.

Bogue smiles. Matthew notices the AGENTS who've followed them and now flank their rear. He gulps but continues...

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

We have demands, sir. First, if you do own the rights to Mr. Johnson's gold mine, about which we have our doubts, then mine gold from the river and quit blasting holes in the mountain which fouls our water and ruins our crops and livestock. Second, if you intend to stay then contribute. You fired all of the men that worked for Johnson and brought in foreigners. Far as I can tell, except for the liquor you drink when you visit, you add not one thin dime to our coffers.

BOGUE

Always about money, isn't it? I respect that. I do. As this is now a business negotiation I'll leave you to deal with my proxy in financial affairs.

Bogue nods, steps back into the hotel, attended by Denali--
The door *closes, locks--*

Matthew tenses as Watt nears, smiles.

MATTHEW

What are you leading to?

WATTS

Nothing. I'm already there, son.

In a single flash, Watts *sweeps* out a Bowie knife and sticks it right in Matthew's gut. Matthew stares at him for a beat then falls to his knees.

There is a pregnant moment of shocked silence. Then --

Panicked, one of the citizens moves to draw a pistol and he's instantly *cut down* by several simultaneous *gun blasts--* The citizens who are armed draw clumsily, as the Blackstones *open fire* and GUNSMOKE floods the thoroughfare--

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Sounds of gunfire echo over the valley-- RUNNING with Emma Cullen, frightened-- She *sprints* across the open fields, clutches her husband's *rifle--* She's tied up her skirt so that she can *run--* Without slowing, she *expertly loads the rifle's breach*, her blonde hair flowing like a Valkyrie's--

EXT. ROSE CREEK - DAY

*Gunsmoke obscures the thoroughfare as the band of citizens are far outmatched and shot down--

*Various TOWNSPEOPLE watch from behind windows, cowering--

*A fleeing citizen is hit and falls into a hitched HORSE-- The horse panics, yanks up the post and rampages into the street--

*Three citizens flee into the TENT ENCAMPMENT-- Agents fire at them, missing, *keep hitting tents*-- People start running out, screaming, wounded--

*FIRE ignites on a burlap tent and spreads quickly, igniting tent-to-tent-- Blackstones *fire* into the tents as the flames spread and people scream and fall in the smoky chaos--

*The loose horse stampedes through the burning tents--

*Matthew Cullen struggles to his knees, pulls a small *knife* from his boot -- Watts stands before him, points his gun to his head, the tent encampment burning beyond them--

*Emma reaches the edge of the street-- *Sees*--

EMMA

Matthew! *Matthew!!*

*An AGENT steps from behind the wall and *thumps her* with his rifle butt-- She hears the *gunshot*, sees her husband *fall*-- She passes out as the black smoke covers the street, wafting over Watts, her fallen husband--

FADE OUT:

EXT. ROSE CREEK - DUSK

Later. Dusk. Smoke everywhere. The town littered with bodies, smoldering heaps of *ash* where the tents were, extinguished-- Blackstone Agents loot corpses, *executing* the injured--

People weeping over the dead-- Some TOWNSFOLK have gathered near The Elysium, including Hank Stoner and Teddy and Gavin David, view the carnage, stunned--

Bogue steps onto the porch of The Elysium, with Denali, Watts, McCann around him--

BOGUE

(to Harp)

Blackstone Agents will stay on to insure that you keep order.

Harp's pride is hurt by this. He compensates by bellowing to the citizenry...

HARP

Now, we seen the man drew first on Mr. Watts, who *is* a licensed peace officer....

LENI FRANKEL, a plain woman holding a baby, cries over the body of her dead husband. Her moans blend with the smoke and waft over the chaos.

Bogue faces the whole town with a hate-filled glare - daring anyone to look at him. They avert their eyes. Then he turns to Maxwell --

BOGUE

Strip that hill before I return.

(to no one)

I find my patience expired by the common touch.

Bogue steps off the porch and walks toward a carriage. Denali and his lieutenants follow.

A MURMUR RUNS THROUGH THE CROWD as a bruised Emma Cullen emerges from an alley, her dress torn but her head held high.

She reaches her *husband's dead body*, kneels down and touches his cheek. Then she lifts her head and when she does her eyes are filled with fire.

EMMA

Bogue!!!

Bogue stops, turns, looks to Emma, who stands and points her husband's boot knife at him. A threat. A frozen moment then--

Bogue smiles, tips his hat to her and gets in the carriage.

Emma, her face frozen in hatred, watches the carriage kick up dust as it leaves town.

FADE OUT:

EXT. SLOPE - THREE WEEKS LATER - DAY

Two horses appear and stop at the top of the slope. Emma and Teddy look down at the town of --

AMADOR CITY, in the distance. It's a goldrush town, mostly wooden buildings, much rougher than Rose Creek and no place for women and children.

EMMA

Looks desperate... promising.

TEDDY

If it's like the last five places, I expect we'll be outpriced in between half-ass grifters trying to rob us. I have my doubts about this whole enterprise.

She gives him a stern look, spits.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

Hank tells me go with you, watch your back, I do like he says. But, I mean... You could take what your man left you. Start another life somewheres...

EMMA

I said much the same thing to my husband, three weeks ago. At the time, he was still taking breath.

(making a point)

I understand your opinion as concern, Teddy, but if you ever again try to dissuade my purpose, you'll become my enemy.

TEDDY

I ain't your enemy, Miss Emma.

EMMA

Then be my ally in this. Or declare yourself other.

EXT. AMADOR CITY - DAY

SUPERTITLE: 'AMADOR CITY, CALIFORNIA - 1874' --

A lone rider progresses into town-- SAM CHISOLM rides an onyx stallion, wears all-black-- Smoke wagons at his hips, holstered backwards, camp roll and a sawed-off *Winchester Repeater* in custom horizontal scabbard--

EXT. HITCHING POST, DESERT FLOWER SALOON - NIGHT

Chisolm pulls up, *checks the saloon sign*, then gets off his horse, takes off the saddle and eyes the street. TWO MEN (EARL, DICKY) crouch in the dirt, drawing in the dust, splitting a jar of mash liquor and pointing at the saloon--

DICKY

I could backdoor it. Come up front,
time he sees you, I'll have him...

Chisolm sees they've drawn a crude *diagram*, seven circles and a line, an 'x' marking the most distant circle-- The men stop talking when they notice Chisolm watching--

CHISOLM

You'll want to wait till I've left.
Let the ruckus die down.

They wonder what he means, as he crosses the street to the saloon.

INT. DESERT FLOWER SALOON - NIGHT

Smoky, with desiccated, rough MEN and cheerless WHORES, *seven round tables*, a big BARTENDER, and a BOUNCER who sits atop a high chair, cradling a shotgun-- Chisolm enters.

At the farthest one, sitting where the diagram's x would be, JOSH FARADAY plays cards-- *Gaunt*, broad-shouldered in undershirt and warlock's hat, swooping mustache, long-haired, always with a cheroot and whiskey. He sings to himself...

FARADAY

Oh Shenandoah,
I long to see you,
Away, I'm bound away,
'cross the wide Missouri.

He looks up from his cards...

FARADAY (CONT'D)

Let's try to keep civil this round,
hmm? I'm looking at you, Lucas.

Faraday shuffles, *freezes*, sees Chisolm-- Both men make hard eye-contact, a weighted moment between them - a history. Then Faraday deals, watching Chisolm walk to the bar.

At the BAR, Chisolm sets down his hat, orders--

CHISOLM
 White shine, you got it. Whiskey,
 otherwise.

The Bartender serves him clear liquor-- Chisolm puts down a silver coin, then next to it, two *gold pieces*--

BARTENDER
 ...S'that for?

CHISOLM
 Information, you got it.

BARTENDER
 ...What kind you mean?

CHISOLM
 Man I'm looking for. Nebraska
 warrant out on him. Big fella,
 maybe about your size.

BARTENDER
 ...What's his name?

CHISOLM
 Well, he's used other names, of
 course. Supposed to be in town
 under one. Name his mother gave him
 was Daniel Harrison... but he
 sometimes goes by 'Powder Dan.'

In the MIRROR behind the bar, Chisolm *checks* the Bouncer,
 oblivious- *Checks* Faraday, who watches Chisolm back --

CHISOLM (CONT'D)
 Killed a tenant farmer and his son
 in Nebraska in cold blood and stole
 their plow horses. When the man's
 wife tried to intervene, he took
 advantage of her then shot her too.
 Took her a week to die. Painful.
 Town called Olin.

BARTENDER
 Don't know any Dan Harrison, sir...

CHISOLM
 Well, like I said, he uses another
 name. But he's got a bullet scar
 just under his left clavicle. Right
there.

Chisolm *pokes* the bartender's left collarbone under his
 shirt, and the man *winces*--

The Bartender is *gradually moving* his hand under the counter--

CHISOLM (CONT'D)
Powder Dan ran with an outlaw named
Charlie Burris, may he rest in
peace.

The Bartender's hands are shifting beneath the counter, and he looks at Chisolm's *dead steady eyes*, sweats--

BARTENDER
...H-how, how did Charlie..?

CHISOLM
I slit his throat in Oklahoma City.
And I whispered in his ear first.

Deep breath, the Bartender *decides-- Whips* out his shotgun--

FASTER- Chisolm steps aside, *draws* on both Bartender *and* the Bouncer in a *single deft dancstep--* Chisolm has the drop on them both, and they're both *frozen mid-draw--* Crowd frozen--

CHISOLM (CONT'D)
Easy... *Easy, you two...*

BARTENDER
...I-I got a family, mister...

CHISOLM
They're better off without you.
(to Bouncer only)
Don't do anything half-cocked,
alright? *Relax... Listen to me...*

Without taking his eyes off the Bouncer, Chisolm *shoots the Bartender in the heart--* Bartender crashes back *into the bottles* stacked under the mirror as PEOPLE *yell and run out--*

Chisolm holsters the fired weapon and produces a folded *warrant sheet*, one gun still held on the Bouncer--

CHISOLM (CONT'D)
This man was wanted on charges in
Nebraska, expedited by federal writ
under the Common State Law
Enforcement Act... Now, why don't
you go fetch the sheriff, and he'll
sort it out for us. Yeah?

Long beat... The Bouncer decides to lower his weapon all the way-- He climbs down and skitters out the door--

Chisolm holsters his weapon, tosses the *two gold coins* onto the dead man's chest. Then he finally *drinks* his shot.

Josh Faraday joins him at the bar-- The tavern now deserted except for the two men.

FARADAY
You could've let him take my order
first.

Chisolm reaches around, grabs the BOTTLE of white shine and pours them both a shot.

They drink-- Long beat, silence, both facing the dead man.

FARADAY (CONT'D)
Money for blood. Peculiar
business.

CHISOLM
And the notches on your belt are
for service to the community.

Chisolm walks away, considers, stops.

CHISOLM (CONT'D)
Not that I owe you but there's two
men waiting outside to kill you.

FARADAY
Any good?

CHISOLM
I doubt it. Drinking firestarter
for courage. But by the looks of
you... I know a back door, I might
use it.

FARADAY
Nowhere to go. Lost my horse... or
so I'm told.

CHISOLM
Sounds about right. For the
record...
(nods to outside)
I'm pullin' for 'em.

FARADAY
Sounds about right.

Chisolm walks away. Faraday pours another shot and toasts the corpse.

SKUTCH (V.O.)(PRELAP)
That's about the most insulting
offer I ever heard.

EXT. STREET, AMADOR CITY - DAY

Conferring near a barn, Emma Cullen listens to DAVE SKUTCH, a
big man, grizzled, armed--

SKUTCH
You ain't got enough for what you
need. And anybody willing to do
it's too crazy for the job.

EMMA
...I see.

SKUTCH
Hell, you oughta pay me for my
time, just entertaining this
bullshit.

Emma puts her hands on her gun, her knife--

EMMA
Not going to happen.

Tense between them-- TEDDY arrives on the scene, and Skutch
blows them off, exits--

TEDDY
That's a 'no'?

EMMA
Seems the type of man we need, we
can't afford.

Just then the SHERIFF and a group of citizens race by.
Something's happening. Emma and Teddy fall in behind them.

When they arrive at the saloon, Chisolm stands there, hands
raised, one holding the warrant. The Sheriff keeps his gun
drawn anyway.

CHISOLM
My name's Chisolm. I'm a duly sworn
warrant officer of the circuit
court in Wichita, Kansas, and a
licensed Peace Officer in
California, Colorado, and seven
other states...

The crowd, including Emma and Teddy, looks on as the Sheriff studies the *warrant*, which reads \$3,000 REWARD. There are murmurs in the crowd.

CHISOLM (CONT'D)

I'll wire Judge Talbot in Wichita to send the reward. Half must go to the man's widow. I'm headed north, so you should *hold on to my share* when it arrives. I'll be off hunting a Vaquero in the mountains.

This freezes the Sheriff.

SHERIFF

Vasquez? Same that killed that Texas Ranger? Hear he's fast.

CHISOLM

We're all fast. Until we're not.

Two men carry the bartender's dead body out of the saloon. Emma and Teddy take note and share a look.

DEPUTY

(re dead bartender)

You know, that sumbitch always watered his hootch.

Chisolm walks away, passing Earl and Dickey, still drinking and planning.

CHISHOLM

He cheats at cards. So watch his hands.

(off their looks)

But if you wait a bit he'll be so drunk he won't be able to feel 'em, so there's that.

They watch Chisolm walk away and begin to repack his horse.

Emma breaks free of Teddy and walks up to Chisolm...

EMMA

Sir, I have a proposition.

CHISOLM

I'm wary of propositions.

EMMA

You're a bounty hunter. You shot the barkeep.

Chisolm continues packing.

EMMA (CONT'D)
I need a man with your...
qualifications.

CHISOLM
You can't afford me.

EMMA
Do you first describe rates, or
learn the particulars?
(off his look)
Rose Creek, four days ride from
here. Rich man has taken over the
town, killed more than a dozen men.

Chisolm doesn't seem to care.

EMMA (CONT'D)
If you're wondering how one man
might accomplish such a task, he
has the Sheriff on his payroll and
Blackstone Agents in his employ.

CHISOLM
You don't need a bounty hunter,
miss, you need an army.

EMMA
I'll start with a General.

Chisolm smirks, finishes packing.

EMMA (CONT'D)
We can pay a fair price. The
townsfolk will back me on this.

CHISOLM
I may die tomorrow, but it will be
from a bullet I don't see coming.
This one I spot from a mile away
and I don't intend on riding toward
it with a grin.

He gets on his horse and walks it away. Teddy slides in next
to her, having heard the whole thing...

TEDDY
Oh, well...

Emma watches him go, then steels herself and starts to run
after Chisolm.

EMMA
Mr. Chisolm!

He hears her but doesn't stop as his horse continues walking.
But she's fast and gains on him.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Mr. Chisolm! You intend to make me
chase?!

He shrugs and stops. She catches up, out of breath.

CHISOLM
Look, Miss.

EMMA
Mrs. Cullen. You should know....
(beat)
There's gold in the hills of Rose
Creek.

CHISOLM
I look like a miner?

EMMA
You help us get rid of Bogue you
can take whatever amount you find
fair.

The name gives Chisolm pause.

CHISOLM
Bartholomew Bogue?

EMMA
You know of him?

Chisolm doesn't answer, just nods his head ever so slightly.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Something else, Mr. Chisolm. Those
men that were murdered? One of
them was my husband.

He holds a look with her.

CHISHOLM
So you seek revenge.

EMMA
I seek righteousness, as should we
all.
(beat)
But I'll take revenge.

Chisolm holds her look, trying to figure her out.

INT. DESERT FLOWER SALOON - DAY

ON Josh Faraday, *sleeping*, sitting up in his chair at the poker table, cheroot burning-- EARL and DICKY are there, from earlier-- Earl covers the BOUNCER as Dicky slips Faraday's pistols out his holster-- *He wakes--*

Earl has the rifle point-blank on Faraday-- He gets the picture, allows Dicky to finish removing his weapons--

EARL

Sure're easy to find for a man with five warrants on him.

FARADAY

I suppose sensible men consider it good hygiene to give me a wide berth.

Faraday drinks a shot, puts a hand on the *deck of cards--*

DICKY

Stand up. You can hang in Oklahoma or we can X you out here. Bounty ain't that different. *Up.*

FARADAY

...Well, well. Is that you, Wild Bill? ...Is this me?

DICKY

What? I'm- *They call me 'The Two-Gun Kid'--*

FARADAY

Naturally. But did you wander into the *wrong game?* ...Is this *my* game, or *yours?*

EARL

Get up. *Now,* Faraday.

Faraday stands, cards still in one hand-- Rickety, drunk, he stumbles *close* to Dicky, lets the deck *fall* from his hand, except for one--

FAST-- Faraday *hurls* a single playing card at Earl's neck-- *At the same time* he *flips* one of Dicky's two pistols and *shoots* him in the heart, then *shoots* Earl, who'd dropped his rifle, clutching the card in his throat--

The whole thing took less than two seconds-- Two men die at Faraday's feet, wearing astonished expressions--

BOUNCER

...JesusChristJesusChrist-- Was that a godamn playin' card?!?

Josh pours himself another shot, drinks to the dead men--

FARADAY

...Pas ce soir, ma dame noire.

Retrieves his guns and knife, holsters them-- Takes *his own warrant* off one of the dead men, *lights it on fire*, then drops it in a whiskey glass-- Gathers his money--

FARADAY (CONT'D)

You'd testify, I'm sure, this was the result of self-defense against these assassins.

BOUNCER

Agreed, sir, but I's you I'd not want to stay around for the inquiry.

Faraday tips his hat, exits--

The Bouncer makes sure he's left, then approaches Earl, finds the *3 of Diamonds* lodged a quarter-inch in his Adam's apple-- Pulls it out, sees it's just an ordinary playing card--

BOUNCER (CONT'D)

...I did not just see that... Jesus Christ, Jesus Christ...

CUT TO:

A STICK DRAWING IN THE DIRT

EMMA (O.S.)

Mountain on the east, runs alongside the river... mine's here... rolling hills to the west.

EXT. BESIDE A BUILDING - DAY

Emma draws the layout of the town and the mountain, explaining to a kneeling Chisholm. Teddy looks on.

CHISOLM

How many trails into town, through
the mountains?

TEDDY

Couple of horsepaths hacked out,
nothing wide. Two ridgelines circle
the back end of the valley.

EMMA

Only way in is the valley floor.
Main road in and out is to the
south. Here.

CHISHOLM

(to himself)
...like a Norman keep.

EMMA

Is that good?

CHISOLM

Box of death for one side or the
other.

(beat)
How many men left in town?

EMMA

Forty maybe.

TEDDY

Maybe. But they're farmers, not
fighters.

EMMA

They'd have to be taught, led.

She looks to Chisolm, hopeful.

EMMA (CONT'D)

We need to hire men who are
dangerous and well trained, Mr.
Chisolm. We need magnificent men.

CHISHOLM

Prepare to settle for "broke and
looking for a final resting place?"

(beat)
We need men with nothing left to
lose.

EXT. LIVERY, AMADOR CITY - DAY

At the other end of the livery, a long row of STABLES, A CHINESE MAN in traditional dress *has refused* Josh Faraday entrance--

FARADAY

I require my horse! A horse that I absolutely *did not* gamble away!

STABLEMASTER

You do! You drunk! Two day 'go!
Second time! Bet your horse 'gainst my rice wine! We roll dice!

FARADAY

A complete fabric- Wait...
(re man's outfit)
...Good Lord... I thought you were a genie -- you devious yellow maniac! Cabbage-faced charlatan!

Chisolm approaches, guiding his horse to a stop.

CHISOLM

How much for his horse?

Faraday turns, grins.

FARADAY

My Knight arrives.

Chisolm ignores, looks to the Stablemaster, nods.

STABLEMASTER

Twenty five dollar for horse. Ten for saddle.

Chisolm reaches in his coat, pulls coins and tosses them to the Stablemaster.

CHISOLM

Twenty for all. Take the money or put up with harangue from him for the rest of your days.

The Stablemaster considers, then nods. Faraday does a deep bow to Chisholm.

FARADAY

I'm good for it, of course. Riding to Frisco post haste, where I will certainly find a high stakes game.

CHISOLM
You're riding with me. I just
bought you for a job I took on.

FARADAY
Money in it?

CHISOLM
Not really.

FARADAY
Difficult?

CHISOLM
Impossible.

Faraday eyes Chisolm, not sure what the play is. Then he notices Emma standing a few yards back, obviously a part of all this.

FARADAY
Who is she?

CHISOLM
Joan of Arc.

Faraday smiles devilishly at Emma.

FARADAY
Color me intrigued.

CHISOLM
Color your ass on that horse. We
need to cover miles.

EXT. OPEN COUNTRY, CALIFORNIA - DAY

Middle of nowhere. Dry arroyos, grassy draws that vein magenta hills. FOUR RIDERS move along an arroyo trail-- Emma, Chisolm, Teddy, Faraday.

FARADAY
All the silence, this feels like a
death march. Begs the question...
who's the executioner?

EMMA
(to Chisolm)
Is he in or not?

CHISOLM
Not talkin' to him except when's
necessary.

FARADAY
Merely a question. Which dragon are
we employed to slay?

EMMA
Bartholomew Bogue.

Faraday stops his horse.

FARADAY
Bart Bogue? The robber baron?

They all stop, turn back.

FARADAY (CONT'D)
Gold is of little use to me if I'm
buried with it.
(beat; tips his hat)
Adieu.

CHISOLM
Suit yourself...

Faraday turns his horse and heads in the opposite direction.

CHISOLM (CONT'D)
But leave the horse.

Faraday stops, turns, looks...

CHISOLM (CONT'D)
Rephrase. Leave my horse.

FARADAY
We're twenty miles from nowhere.

CHISOLM
You appear ambulatory.
(off his look)
So walk... or earn back your horse,
which... is currently mine.

Faraday realizes his predicament.

FARADAY
And how might I do that?

CHISOLM
For starters, you ride twenty miles
east of here. Volcano Springs.
Supply station. Pair of guys I
want you to check out. A Chinaman
and a Cajun named Robicheaux.

FARADAY
 Goodnight Robicheaux? Unless he's
 taken the cure we are certainly
 doomed.

Chisolm turns his horse in a different direction.

FARADAY (CONT'D)
 And what painted egg do you seek
 for our basket?

CHISOLM
 Killer named Vasquez.

FARADAY
 Filling your pockets or recruiting
 for our band of doomed brethren?

CHISOLM
 Don't know yet.

FARADAY
 And who's to say you disappear over
 that hill and I don't, in turn,
 follow suit?

Chisolm stops, turns...

CHISOLM
 Because neither one of us has a
 flush on St. Peter but your marrow
 tells you you owe me and it's a
 card up your sleeve to play.

Faraday takes this in, looks straight at Chisolm --

FARADAY
 Why are you doing this? This isn't
 some cause is it?

Chisolm's face hints at nothing.

CHISOLM
 Meet in three days in Junction
 City. If I'm not there, give or
 take, I'm dead and I hereby will
 you my horse. Godspeed.
 (to Emma)
 You're with me.

She hesitates only a moment then follows Chisolm.

EXT. PINE FOREST, MOUNTAINS - DAY

Chisolm rides slowly through a mountain FOREST with only Emma following, the two alone-- He halts his horse, *dismounts*, crouches and reads the ground, the high grass, cutting sign--

He remounts, and they ride on-- He doesn't turn to speak--

CHISOLM

Could you remove your hat, ma'am?
So that you're more identifiably
female?

She takes this as some kind of crooked flirtation...
Eventually removes her hat-- He doesn't look at her--

CHISOLM (CONT'D)

Maybe put on some lip paint, too,
you got it.

EMMA

Why *have* you reserved my company
for this expedition?

CHISOLM

Well, Mrs. Cullen, I'm hoping that
if the man I'm looking for sees me
with a *woman*, he might just let me
talk a second before the shooting
starts.

She realizes he's serious-- Her horse follows Chisolm's into
the dark pines, disappearing into trees--

EXT. VOLCANO, CA - NIGHT

A rough-hewn forty-niner CAMP and supply crossroads, VOLCANO
is ramshackle buildings, metal rusted and dust-scoured, lank
horses and lank men occupying a dusty promenade--

EXT. LIVESTOCK PENS, VOLCANO - NIGHT

Wrecked COWBOYS and CLAIM WORKERS gather around a rickety hog
PEN that fences TWO MEN who face off twenty feet apart-- One
is Chinese (BILLY ROCKS), the other is *large*, white (ARCADE
JONES)-- Arcade wears a *gunbelt*, but Billy only has *two sais*
tucked into his pants--

FARADAY and TEDDY Q are among the crowd, watching-- Faraday
spots a MAN (GOODNIGHT ROBICHEAUX) taking bets from cowboys,
keeps his eye on him--

Surrounding men *cheer* and *jeer*, pass whiskey, flag money--

REFEREE

When you're ready!

In the muddy pen, Billy and Arcade face off-- Arcade sweats, fingers twitchy-- *He draws and one of Billy's sais appears in his shoulder--* Billy's arm held outstretched-- Arcade *fires* into the ground, falls to his knees--

The crowd is quiet-- Arcade moans as Billy walks to him, pulls his sai out, wipes it on the man's shirt and tells him--

BILLY

Told you.

ON Faraday and Teddy, suitably impressed-- See Goodnight taking money off the cowboys, the only one to bet on Billy-- Faraday grins to himself, looks at Teddy like '*jackpot*'--

INT. TENT SALOON - NIGHT

Inside SALOON TENT, drinking bell jars of bourbon, Goodnight spots Faraday approaching and stiffens.

GOODNIGHT

Josh Faraday, I absolutely did not cheat you in Cheyenne.

FARADAY

You, sir, are a liar!

A standoff. Two men, six feet apart, stare each other down.

FARADAY (CONT'D)

Fact is you... out-cheated me.
Unless there are five aces in a deck.

(beat)

And there are always five in mine.

They both relax, smile.

FARADAY (CONT'D)

Ancient history.

Faraday offers a hand and Goodnight shakes it.

FARADAY (CONT'D)

Quite a racket you have going.
How'd you and the Oriental meet?

He nods to Billy, sitting alone in the corner.

GOODNIGHT

Serving a warrant on Billy for
Central Pacific.

FARADAY

CP?

GOODNIGHT

Billy was indentured. Worked the
railroad. One day he snapped and
killed two bulls that had it in for
him. Found him in a bar in Oregon;
he'd just taken down a room of
hooples, wouldn't serve him. *Bare-*
knuckled. Said to myself,
'Goodnight, *that's a man to make*
friends with.' I mean, you let a
thoroughbred race, by God.

FARADAY

How are you fixed these days?

GOODNIGHT

We've about used up our goodwill in
these parts. Gettin' hard to find a
fight for him, and sheriffs don't
like a Chinaman doin' violence.

FARADAY

You're telling me the fastest gun
in five states now scrapes a living
promoting alley fights?

Goodnight starts to answer, then just shakes his head.

GOODNIGHT

You got somethin' else in mind?

Faraday smiles and pours Goodnight a drink.

EXT. MOUNTAINS - DAY

Emma and Chisolm walk their horses along a small trail.

EMMA

You and Faraday, seems to be a
story there?

Chisolm doesn't bite.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Any rift between you two?

Chisolm's face says that she's right.

CHISOLM
Just a guy I know. What difference
does it make?

EMMA
None, just so long as it doesn't
get in the way of the task at hand.

Chisolm senses something, holds up his hand and stops. Then moves slowly forward to the entrance to a clearing where sits A SMALL CABIN. Pretty broken down.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Homesteaders?

Chisolm gets off his horse, takes off his holster, lays it on his saddle and starts walking.

CHISOLM
Stay here.

EMMA
Hell if I will.

INT. CABIN - DAY

Dank and dark. A broken shutter bangs in the wind. The door opens revealing Chisolm, who enters, with Emma in tow.

He spies a fireplace, touches the ashes - fresh. Runs a finger across the pan of a skillet, new grease.

Emma opens a shutter and when she does the light reveals --

A dead man, fully clothed, in a rocker. He's been dead awhile and in another week what's left of his skin will be gone.

Emma gasps and jumps back, then stumbles toward the door.

EXT. CABIN - SAME

As soon as Emma hits the sunlight a loop of rope ensnares her and she is yanked into the arms of --

VASQUEZ, a young caballero - looks like a Mexican rock star. He puts one hand over her mouth while the other holds a gun pointed at the door, just as --

Chisolm steps out, his hands already in the air as he looks straight at Vasquez.

VASQUEZ
I didn't kill him if that's what
you're thinking.

CHISOLM
You been sleeping in there?

VASQUEZ
He doesn't snore much.

CHISOLM
You Vasquez?

VASQUEZ
What is this to you?

CHISOLM
If I'm going to tear up a warrant I
want it to be for the right man.

Chisolm slowly, with one hand, reaches in his pocket and
shows a warrant with a drawing that is clearly Vasquez.

VASQUEZ
Poor likeness. Two thousand dollars
on my head. You a bounty hunter?

CHISOLM
Yes.

VASQUEZ
Where's your gun?

CHISOLM
Man carries a gun he tends to use
it. 'Sides, I hear you're fast.

Vasquez loosens his lasso and Emma stumbles away, stands off
to the side.

CHISOLM (CONT'D)
That Ranger you killed wasn't
wearing a badge; was drunk and drew
first. Least that's what I heard.
And none of that would have
mattered to me two days ago. But
now... now I have a business
proposition.

VASQUEZ
Does this business involve her?

CHISOLM
It does.

Vasquez laughs.

EMMA

Wipe that smile. He works for me
and I'm serious as a rattlesnake
with all the venom and twice the
reach.

Vasquez drops the smile... then to Chisolm --

VASQUEZ

And after our "business" is
concluded? What then?...

CHISOLM

I've crossed a dozen quick trigger
drunks with your name on their wet
lips. There'll still be a lot of
white men after your hide when
you'n'me are done... but your
pockets will be full.

VASQUEZ

And that should give me comfort?

CHISOLM

Should. Because if anyone was going
to kill you it was me.

Chisolm rips the warrant in half and tosses it to the wind.

CHISOLM (CONT'D)

I came unarmed because I didn't
want to have to bury you before you
took me up on my offer.

Vasquez chuckles to himself and holsters his pistol.

VASQUEZ

You're loco, my friend.

EXT. REDUCTION WORKS, ROSE CREEK - DAY

The REDUCTION WORKS puff smoke, their loaders manned by the
grimy MINERS-- filthy, exhausted, pushing glittery rock out
the mine, hefting buckets, picks-- AGENTS supervise--

EXT. ROSE CREEK - DAY

The town desolate and OCCUPIED- A pair of drunk, deputized
Blackstone AGENTS stumble down the street, pistols out--

They casually harass a WOMAN crossing the street with two CHILDREN.

INT. IMPERIAL SALOON - DAY

HANK STONER stands behind the bar. Fenton wipes down tables-- MR. WATTS enters, sound of his boots like a ticking clock--

He reaches the bar, scans tavern-- Stoner maneuvers one hand to a *sawed-off* under the counter--

WATTS

Your man, usually works here...

STONER

Teddy? ...Had some family to see in Sacramento.

WATTS

That woman. New widow. Seems like she's gone, too. You don't suppose they ran off together, do you?

STONER

Wouldn't think so... I never knew a woman to take to Teddy, commerce wasn't involved.

Watts wears a *deputy's badge*, grins, removes his hat-- The *bullet wound* in his forehead almost hypnotic--

WATTS

You know, if I were the sort of man to make wagers, I'd bet you're the sort of man keeps some kind of *dispersal* device behind the counter. This *despite* the sheriff's ban on ordnance.

Tension as Stoner twists the shotgun under the counter--

WATTS (CONT'D)

Lot of men keep a gun around, like a rabbit's tooth. But they wouldn't use it...

The saloon entrance is filled with MCCANN and an AGENT--

WATTS (CONT'D)

That's all a gun is, Mr. Stoner. An illusion.

(re *bullet scar*)

(MORE)

WATTS (CONT'D)

Crossing Georgia, there was this young Miss sought to prevent my intentions. Little minx had a .22 under her dress. Shot me point blank. Saw the muzzle flash. Knew I was dead before the bullet struck.

He turns his head, shows *an exit wound* on the back--

WATTS (CONT'D)

Slug hit at a funny angle. Just flattened, zipped around under and out the back... Felt, well, it felt like I got shot in the head. But what comfort did her gun afford this departed Miss, other than make her last moments an accumulation of pain the likes of which she'd never had cause to imagine? *And she had the guts to use the gun.*

(dons hat)

So I won't check to see if you're armed behind that counter. Not today.

He starts to walk out, turns--

WATTS (CONT'D)

Think on that story, Mr. Stoner. Next time I ask you a question.

He exits the saloon with McCann and the Agent-- When Stoner and Fenton are alone, they *exhale*-- Stoner wipes his brow and pours them both a shot-- They drink--

FENTON

You figure they still alright, Teddy an her?

STONER

I think they must be. If something happened to the Cullen woman, no doubt the mountain would shake.

EXT. OPEN LAND, CALIFORNIA - DAY

Californian wilderness-- A train of seven riders, CHISOLM, EMMA, TEDDY, GOODNIGHT, BILLY, FARADAY and VASQUEZ, ride across canyons, water-color chaparral.

GOODNIGHT

What a merry band. Me a grey,
Chisolm blue, a Chinaman, a
Texican, a drunk, and a female.
This will certainly end well.

VASQUEZ

I'm Mexican. No such thing as
Texicans.

GOODNIGHT

Tell that to my grandpappy. Died at
the Alamo. New Orleans Greys. Long
barracks. Bayonets, blood and
teeth. Mauled by a horde of teeming
brown devils.

VASQUEZ

My grandfather was one of those
devils. Toluca Battalion.

(beat)

Maybe my grandfather killed your
grandfather?

GOODNIGHT

What a lovely thought. I sense we
are bonding.

CHISOLM

Our mutual enterprise depends on
trust, not affection.

FARADAY

He means we don't have to like one
another to die together.

Chisolm tells Emma--

CHISOLM

There's a depot if we detour about
twenty miles. Mountain man named
Jack Horne checks in there now and
then.

EMMA

Is he good?

CHISOLM

He's... forlorn.

EMMA

How is it you know so well where to
find these men?

He glances back at Goodnight, Billy, Vasquez--

CHISOLM

Because every one of 'em hunts
warrant bounties or has their
picture on one.

EXT. WILDERNESS DEPOT, CALIFORNIA - DAY

A remote TRAIN DEPOT and GENERAL STORE-- A platform at the
tracks, a rusted WATER TOWER on the other side-- Several
COWBOYS lounge in the shade, waiting on a train--

A small GROUP has gathered up on the platform around TWO who
appear to be showing off a handsome rifle--

Chisolm's crew is tying their horses up, and Sam watches the
gathering out on the warped stage--

EXT. PLATFORM, STATION - DAY

LEN and KEN PIGEON, two raggedymen bandits-- Len in a bear's-
head hat, Ken in a woman's bonnet, show off an expertly
crafted *rifle and pistol*, both engraved JH-

KEN

Legend my ass. I don't know if he
really kilt three-hunnerd Crows,
but he ain't met the Pigeon
Brothers before...

Chisolm has joined, scans rifle, pistol, *initials*--

CHISOLM

You're saying that's Jack Horne's
rifle and gun?

LEN

Hell yes. Or it was. They's an Army
Fort payin four thousand dollars
for proof of death. Rifle'll do.

KEN

We're takin' bids on the pistol.

EXT. HITCHING POST, STATION - DAY

Emma and the rest of the group hitch their horses. Faraday is
the first to notice a MAN limp out the forest nearby--

He's dressed in fur and leather, a grizzled old cowboy mountain man *covered in blood* from a head wound, especially his face, dried into a *red mask*-- A large MASTIFF walks at his side and he appears *unarmed* but for a *tomahawk*--

Chisolm's crew watches as the man walks *past* without a word--

EXT. PLATFORM, STATION - DAY

Back on the Pigeon Brothers and the crowd--

CHISOLM
You don't have a body?

KEN
Fell off a cliff. Ole Len smashed his head in with a boulder, though...

CHISOLM
Snuck up on him, did you?

LEN
What's that supposed to mean?

KEN
You got something to say, Mister?

Chisolm *nods* behind them-- At the far end of the platform, the bloodied man, JACK HORNE, has appeared with his dog-- The group of men *all back away* from the Pigeon Brothers--

KEN (CONT'D)
...You gotta be kidding...

LEN
Bullshit--

Ken starts loading the stolen rifle and Len draws his pistol-- Horne's within thirty yards when Len *FIRES, misses*--

Jack whips an arm and Len Pigeon suddenly has that *tomahawk in his chest*-- Ken gets the rifle loaded--

HORNE
Dog-

The Mastiff *leaps* on Ken Pigeon as he's raising the rifle-- The cowboys turn their heads as the dog *growls* and *tears*--

Horne calls *off the dog*, reaches the bodies-- Retrieves his tomahawk, pistol and rifle-- He looks up at Chisolm watching, the only one who *hasn't backed away*--

HORNE (CONT'D)

Inbreds bushwacked me. Broke a godamn rock on my head. Been walking their trail two days.

Chisolm's group joins and they all watch Jack Horne rifle the Brothers' clothes, cashing them out-- *Pulls off their boots*, turns them upside down. Emma slides in next to Chisolm...

EMMA

Forlorn?...

CHISOLM

My name's Chisolm, Mr. Horne. We met maybe nine years ago. Outside Denver.

HORNE

The bounty agent.

CHISOLM

You still keep scalps?

HORNE

That was part of something else. I finished it.

Chisolm just stares a beat, Horne covered in his own blood.

FARADAY

What's a man do with a hundred scalps?

Horne stares a hole through Faraday, then taps his temple.

HORNE

Sleep with 'em. Care to join?

Faraday smiles, shakes his head.

FARADAY

Morbid curiosity. As you were.

Horne turns his attention back to Chisolm.

HORNE

I know I look afright, Mister... But something on your mind?

CHISOLM

Interested in some work?

FARADAY

You can bring your dog.

EXT. CALIFORNIA WILDERNESS - NIGHT

Stars overstuff a black night, the cosmos within arm's reach.

Teddy, Emma and the SIX WARRIORS have made camp against a rocky bluff-- Fire gutters, draws shadows tall on the stone-- Emma sits apart, in shadows, sharpening her knife with a whetstone-- scrape, scrape...

Teddy watches Goodnight, Billy and Vasquez roll dice-- All look out at Emma in the darkness-- *Scrape-- Scrape--*

GOODNIGHT

(to Teddy)

What's her story then?

TEDDY

...You'd have to ask her.

VASQUEZ

I wouldn't.

ON Chisolm, near the fire -- Faraday approaches, crouches beside him with bottle and lit cheroot-- Passes the bottle--

FARADAY

She's got the furies.

CHISOLM

...She's entitled.

FARADAY

Wasn't it you, swore off causes?

Chisolm drinks, passes the bottle-- Faraday drinks, passes the bottle-- In the night, *scrape-- scrape -- scrape--*

FARADAY (CONT'D)

What I recall you saying, your oldest sister would've been about her age now...

Chisolm gives him an icy stare--

CHISOLM

Your point?

FARADAY

Just want to make sure we're fighting the battle that's in front of us. Not behind.

Chisolm hands him the bottle back, stern--

Horne's DOG enters the circle of firelight, followed by his master, descending down the rocky bluff-- HORNE joins them--

HORNE
We're bein' followed.

Faraday and Chisolm rise, alert--

CHISOLM
How many?

HORNE
Just one. Injun. He's been with us
the last fifteen miles, at least.

CHISOLM
Scout?

HORNE
Couldn't tell. It'd haveta be a
rogue war party...

FARADAY
Lakota? Crow?

HORNE
There ain't no Crow in these parts
anymore.

CHISOLM
Let's go have a talk with him.

HORNE
I intended to. Got to his perch and
he was gone. He musta caught me
out... Not many men can do that.

All exchange stares, the other MEN playing dice, watching--
Scrape-- scrape --

HORNE (CONT'D)
Sleep with both eyes open, I'm
sayin.

CHISOLM
Near as I can tell, Mrs. Cullen
doesn't sleep.

FARADAY
Guess when we stop hearing that
knife scrape, we'll have our alarm.

Horne and Faraday sit down, share the bottle-- Horne pours
whiskey into a pan and his dog starts lapping it--

EXT. FOREST, CALIFORNIA - MORNING

A bucolic clearing in high forest, where a large STAG DEER feeds on low-hanging branches-- Its head *jolts*, sensing-- The animal *darts* away just as a *GUNSHOT* bursts the branches around him--

ON Goodnight, Horne and Vasquez, hidden-- Goodnight holds a smoking rifle--

HORNE

Thought you were a dead-eye. 'Hell were you aiming at?

GOODNIGHT

He *spooked*-- Shit...

Vasquez just looks at them both with patronizing disapproval--

EXT. CAMPSITE, CALIFORNIA - DAY

Chisolm converses with Faraday, Billy and Emma, while Teddy tends a fire with an empty spit over it-- Goodnight, Horne and Vasquez return to camp, and all look to see what the hunters have brought: a pair of jack-rabbits in Vasquez' hand, two squirrels in Horne's--

TEDDY

That's all you managed?

GOODNIGHT

You can chew jerky another day.

CHISOLM

Smell that?

TEDDY

The fire?

CHISOLM

Blood.

He looks up-- A young Native American Brave (RED HARVEST) crests the bluff with the *stag deer* over his shoulders-- The game still has an arrow buried hilt-deep in its neck--

The whole group of cowboys gather and look up at the man, his figure silhouetted by the sun-- He calls down in Navajo--

RED HARVEST

(subtitled)

I think we are meant to share this,
but I don't know.

The men look between one another, nobody understanding him--
The brave starts down the bluff with the deer, expertly
descending--

CHISOLM
Was that Navajo?

HORNE
Mighta been.

Chisolm leaves the group and meets the brave at the foot of
the bluff-- The young man wears *white skull facepaint, crow
feathers* in his hair and banded to his arm, a savage
congealed from the imagination of the wildest west--

CHISOLM
(subtitled)
Na-vah-jo? Your land... this?

RED HARVEST
(subtitled)
You make noise. Hunt badly.

He throws down the deer. Silent beats between them all, until
the brave speaks-- As he tells Chisolm his story, he gestures
with his hands, both serious and theatrical--

RED HARVEST (CONT'D)
(subtitled)
I have no tribe. The white men who
dress alike put my brothers to the
bullet. My nineteenth season, I
dance for death. Ate medicine to
give me visions. *Strong medicine.*

He talks *too fast* for Chisolm to catch everything--

RED HARVEST (CONT'D)
(subtitled)
The Spirit told me I would find a
new tribe, during a red harvest...
And in the night when I was opened
to the Spirit and listening for His
Voice, I hear it. Calling. '*Scrape.*
Scrape'. '*Scrape*'.

Chisolm's piecing together the gist of it, mostly boggled--
Rest of the group looks between one another, baffling. Red
Harvest notices Jack Horne, sizes him up, looks to Chisolm --

RED HARVEST (CONT'D)
That man, the Bear, that is his
legend name, is he with you?

Chisolm looks from Horne to Red Harvest. Chisolm nods. Red Harvest considers, then...

RED HARVEST (CONT'D)

(subtitled)

He has taken many of my people.

(beat)

But the Spirit has spoken so I will follow. I've watched you... What is it you are doing?

CHISOLM

(subtitled)

We go to fight a great army of wicked men.

(looks at others, back)

Probably we will all die.

The Indian looks over the group: His eyes settle on *Emma*, on the *knife* at her belt-- After some contemplation, the brave nods to Chisolm--

RED HARVEST

(subtitled)

Let's cook this.

He starts to clean the deer. Chisolm walks back to the group.

CHISOLM

Venison it is. Get that fire stoked, Teddy.

FARADAY

What was all that?

CHISOLM

That's, uh, *Red Harvest*. He's with us.

Chisolm and the rest watch the Brave cleaning the deer-- The dog whines for attention--

EXT. ROSE CREEK - DAY

The THOROUGHFARE, street littered-- A RIFLEMAN posted on bank roof-- *Rowdy noise* from Elysium Hotel and Imperial saloon--

AGENTS stand at posts on the sidewalk, sharing bottles, heavily armed, *badged*-- SHERIFF HARP sits across the street, smoking a pipe and whittling in a rocking chair--

The REDUCTION WORKS *chugs and smokes*, Miners working, dirt-streaked--

McCANN stumbles out the Imperial, drunk-- pisses in the street.

EXT. BLUFF - DAY

Chisolm observes town through a spyglass, standing on a high bluff-- He lowers it as the other six warriors join him--

Wind flapping their dusters, the SEVEN line up along the bluff, side by side, staring out at the village--

FARADAY
How's it look?

CHISOLM
Lazy.

EXT. THOROUGHFARE, ROSE CREEK - DAY

Late in the day. Sun low. AGENTS boozing together, occupying the streets. Sheriff Harp snoozing on his rocking chair--

Metal jangles softly as Chisolm appears on the central strip, riding slowly into the town, fat red SUN low before him-- Billy walks beside, wearing Chinese shirt and cap--

Some AGENTS rouse, wake Sheriff Harp-- McCann notices, strides up as all *surround* Chisolm and Billy, who halt--

CHISOLM
Gentlemen. Afternoon.

EXT. NEARBY HILL - DAY - SAME

Emma and Teddy watch the proceedings without breathing.

TEDDY
Don't like this a bit.

BACK IN TOWN

McCann walks around Chisolm's horse, *noting* his fine weaponry, the side-rifle, the horse's obvious breeding--

MCCANN
That's a lot of guns, fancypants.

CHISOLM
Compared to what?

HARP

Town's got a ban on firearms. You check em in, get em back on your way out.

CHISOLM

Ah. Do you mind my asking, how it is these men around me go heeled?

HARP

These men're deputies.

Chisolm scans, signs of the massacre still visible: *bullet holes, stained ground, broken windows--*

CHISOLM

Awful lot of deputies for such a small place.

AGENT

(re Billy)

What's his story?

CHISOLM

My manservant. He's harmless. I saved his life back in Shanghai. "Debt of honor" and the like.

MCCANN

Yeh don' mind checkin' yer guns?

CHISOLM

Not at all. Law and order, I say.

Chisolm's pistols appear *quickly* enough to cause the men to *flinch--* He extends them, something of a *dare* in the gesture--

MCCANN

(to Harp)

Well? Go get em.

Harp approaches warily, reaches for the guns, but *pauses--*

CHISOLM

I should point out, while I'm happy to cooperate-- Those men behind you, they don't look as amiable.

He nods beyond the sheriff-- The men turn and squint as Chisolm's MEN materialize out the sunlight, the glare masking their entrance-- FARADAY, ROBICHEAUX, VASQUEZ and HORNE line-up staggered down the street, obscured by the sun's position--

POV of VARIOUS TOWNSFOLK, peering from windows--

Inside a building, a man calls *Hey, outside!--*

Now AGENTS *pour out* the Imperial and the Elysium-- They grasp the confrontation, straighten up, join their comrades-- TWENTY AGENTS and McCann face Chisolm and Billy, with the other FOUR stacked down the street--

WATTS (O.S.)

Dear oh dear. What do we call this?

Watts exits The Elysium, walks into the street-- Hangs the question on Chisolm--

CHISOLM

I was just trying to hand over my guns. Do *you* want them?

He holds them out-- Eye contact, question *definitely* a dare--

CHISOLM (CONT'D)

Mr. Watts, isn't it? Heard you weren't the sort to refuse an outstretched hand.

WATTS

What's your aim here, mister?

CHISOLM

I'm what you call a freelance entrepreneur.

Clocking all his guns, Watts knows what skill he practices--

WATTS

Any good at what you do?

CHISOLM

I never been shot in the forehead, if that's what you're asking.

Flusters Watts, who turns to the other gunmen--

WATTS

You're all together?

The other four mercenaries keep their hands on their weapons, the dog *growling--*

MCCANN

Quite a pack of strays.

JACK HORNE

Picked something out my teeth today, bout your size.

McCann pulls a skinning knife--

MCCANN

You'll make a helluva rug.

Hammers cock behind McCann-- FARADAY has two pistols on him--

FARADAY

And you'll get murdered by the
World's Greatest Lover.

McCann deflates-- Watts continues studying the scene with
semi-amusement, back to Chisolm--

WATTS

Define your specific intent, then,
in our meek hamlet.

CHISOLM

I hear there are some dandified gun
thugs running security here. I
figured, someone should come, watch
over all this gold.

ALL the men gauge one another, hands on pistols--

WATTS

(chuckles)
Dandified gun-thugs?

CHISOLM

Blackstone Detective Agents. Now,
Blackstones are good for union-
busting, back-shooting
homesteaders, women, things like
that. But you put em against men
who know what they're doing? That's
just no contest at all.

(re pistols)

You sure you don't want my guns..?

WATTS

...You understand who we work for?
The force he can bring to bear?

CHISOLM

Ride out of here. Tell Bogue he
wants the mine back, *he talks to
me.*

Watts smiles, turns slowly around, looking over Chisolm's
band-- He faces the *silhouette* of the RIFLEMAN on the roof,
glances back at Chisolm-- Watts *whistles* to the rifleman, a
signal--

Nothing happens. Watts studies the rooftop silhouette--
Chisolm *shrugs*--

CHISOLM (CONT'D)

He might not've heard you, this
wind. Here. Let me try.

Chisolm *whistles*-- The silhouette shifts-- A wind-shearing
HISS, and an *ARROW thunks* in the chest of an Agent near Watts--
Stuns everyone, the moment broken when the man *falls*--

*Watts ducks as Chisolm *fires*, bullets grazing his back; *he's fast*--
He slices the horse's chest as it rears, and Chisolm launches himself off--

*Billy throws open his *robe* and two *sai knives* fly from his hands,
landing in the nearest AGENTS' necks--

*McCann *ducks* a *double-shot* by Faraday, lunging behind other Agents who take the bullets, blasting away--

*Horne's' hatchet *spins* through the air-- *THUMPS* into an Agent and sends him *flying into McCann*--

*Faraday *doesn't run for cover*, double-fires his pistols and wades *into* the melee, spinning and shooting-- Faraday and Vasquez *who stay in the thick of it*, both the only men to launch into the center, fighting back to back--

HORNE

(to Faraday)

Get out the line of fire, idjits!

*Horne fires his rifle from behind a water-trough, covers Faraday and Vasquez, who crosses to an alley, firing-- Agents cut down, confused, a bitter reversal of the opening ambush--
Chisolm's group have them pincerd--

*Goodnight crosses to cover carrying a repeater rifle. He drops behind a trough, raises the rifle and watches the mayhem.

*Sheriff Harp *ducks into his office*, locks it--

*Chisolm *steps* between and around Agents, using them for cover and blasting them down-- A violent waltz as he stays close to his opponents, striking and moving--

*An arrow strikes an Agent coming up behind Chisolm--

EXT. ROOFTOPS, ROSE CREEK - DAY

RUNNING with RED HARVEST as he runs over rooftops, leaping, a sheaf of *arrows in his mouth*-- He keeps *spitting* a new arrow into his hand as he runs, firing his bow into the chaos without breaking stride--

Zip-Thunk-- Another agent down-- He leaps, *outrunning* gunshots, rapid-firing arrows, *mouth-to-hand*--

A pair of Agents *scramble* onto an adjacent rooftop to take the high ground-- Red Harvest *leaps across* to their roof, firing *two arrows* at the same time, mid-leap, *hitting both* just before they can fire--

INT. BUILDINGS - ROSE CREEK - DAY

From WINDOWS -- MULTIPLE POVs-- Cowed TOWNSPEOPLE peering out at the battle-- They begin to murmur *excitedly* when they see it's the Blackstone Agents falling--

EXT. REDUCTION WORKS, ROSE CREEK - DAY

Sounds of gunfire permeate the mining site-- MAXWELL, the mine manager looks toward town with his spyglass--

MAXWELL

What in the name of--

He reaches for his rifle, but *pauses, thinks*-- Rather than ride down to join, he takes the spyglass back up, watching-- The MINERS also stop and look toward town, *each other*, knowing *this is significant*.

EXT. NEARBY HILL - DAY

Emma and Teddy watch the smoke from the battle cloud the town.

TEDDY

Damn!

EXT. ROSE CREEK - DAY

*BACK ON the *thoroughfare* gunfight-- Chisolm *rolls* under gunshots, firing above his head and toward his feet-- *TWO* Agents go down-- Springs to his feet near an alley--

*Two Agents, taking the opportunity to make a run for it, jump on horses. They've only gone a few yards when Vasquez lassos them off their horses with one toss.

*Billy sweeps an Agent's shotgun off him and *fires* it on another-- Slips through opponents so that they *catch each other in crossfire*--

*Bleeding, wounded, Watts peeks out an alley wall-- The wall's edge *splintered by Chisolm's shots*-- He runs away--

*Chisolm *crosses the street toward* the alley-- He's *tackled* by a large Agent with a large Knife-- Chisolm fights off the man's knife with his gun reversed, the barrel blocking its blade-- Shoots the man in the chest-- Chisolm *keeps the knife* and leaps up, *hurls it* into an advancing Agent--

*McCann and a last Agent flee down an alley, the Agent ahead, running toward the *forests*-- McCann *stumbles in the mud*, rises, runs into--

FARADAY

Didn't I say?

McCann raises up and Faraday shoots him down-- A GUNSHOT whizzes by his head, turns and sees the Agent that McCann was following, at the edge of woods, pistol smoking, *trembling*--

Faraday *shoots* the man from fifty yards away, hitting his shoulder-- Sends him scurrying into the woods--

Gunsmoke along the thoroughfare-- The warriors enter, scanning-- All look at one another, checking status--

Dead Agents litter the ground beneath the cordite fog-- Chisolm's horse huffs nervously in a circle, *bleeding* from a slashed chest-- Chisolm meets him, calms the horse, examining his shallow wound, looking at the dead men--

CHISOLM

Anybody hit that spook in the oilcoat?

The men look between one another, shrug--

FARADAY

I started losing track. I think I was up to eight.

Horne walks out an alley carrying his dog. He passes Goodnight, who rises from behind the trough and joins the others.

TWO BODIES *drop* from the rooftops, lifeless Agents-- Then Red Harvest leaps down, looks around at bodies-- He approves--

RED HARVEST
(subtitled)
Good start, yeah?

Everyone just grins *tensely* at him, no idea what he said-- Red Harvest crouches with *knife* to start taking *scalps*, but Chisolm discreetly *stops him*.

Emma and Teddy ride up fast, stop, survey the carnage. Emma grins and tips her hat to Chisolm.

EXT. FOREST NEAR REDUCTION WORKS - DUSK

The Agent Faraday wounded appears, running toward a horse, jumps on --

GUNSHOT-- The Agent jerks, and he falls off the stirrups-- WATTS emerging from the woods, bleeding, takes the Agent's horse-- Watts kicks the horse into gear--

INT. SHERIFF'S STATION - DUSK

HARP cowers behind a large desk, pistol out-- The door's *kicked in* by Horne, and Chisolm walks through--

He approaches the sheriff, snatches his gun away, *yanks* the sheriff *up by an ear*--

CHISOLM
On your feet, Constable. Despite
your best efforts, you *may yet*
serve this community.

He *drags* the sheriff out the office *by his ear*--

EXT. ROSE CREEK - DUSK

Lanterns now lit in many places, remaining TOWNSFOLK have come out to view the scene: BLACKSMITH (TURNER), STOREOWNER (PETERSONS), BANKER (CHAPMAN), LIVERY MAN (DOUGHTRY), STONER, DAVID, various FARMERS (WALSH, LIDDEL, FANNING), et al-- Townsfolk scan the bodies and the seven mercenaries with wary eyes-- But slowly, the victory *dawns* on the civilians--

Horne exits the jail with Chisolm tugging Sheriff Harp-- Chisolm throws Harp in the center of the street, TOWNSFOLK gathered around, murmuring--

CHISOLM
Take off that badge.

Harp does, dropping the star on the ground--

HARP
I'm still sheriff. Duly elected--

Emma steps up, steel anger in her face.

EMMA
Consider this the recall.

Harp looks to Emma.

HARP
You?...

She smiles and spits.

CHISOLM
You're gonna deliver a message to
your boss.

HARP
I think you just sent him a
message, Mister. And you're not
gonna like his answer.

CHISOLM
We have terms he needs to hear.

HARP
Terms? He don't bargain with
people, Mister. Ask anybody here--
I never had no chance! They'da just
got somebody else to do my job!

CHISOLM
Now somebody else *is* going to do
your job.

HARP
He'll just send as many men as it
takes to squash you flat.

CHISOLM
We'll be waiting.

MINERS have arrived, walk into their group-- Raw, physically
beaten men-- JIM, TOPPER, HAZE, KELVIN, DONNY, BART -various
ages-- OTHER MINERS behind them, some black, Cornish, Irish,
etc-- They can't believe the scene--

TOPPER

Holy shit... What is this?

The men look to Chisolm and Faraday-- After a beat, the gunfighters turn and regard the rest of the TOWNSFOLK, the tradesmen and their WIVES, *all* now having entered the streets, *fearful* of the new gunmen in their midst.

Harp, realizing this is getting worse for him, staggers to his feet.

HARP

Fine. I'll deliver your message.
Who are you?

CHISOLM

Chisolm. Like the trail. Green River, Kansas. Think you can remember that?

Harp nods, starts away.

CHISOLM (CONT'D)

Something else!
(Harp stops, turns)
You tell Bogue he doesn't come himself... he's a coward.

Harp smiles, shakes his head, staggers away through the parting CROWD, past the bodies of Blackstone Agents-- Everyone watching with violent intent--

FANNING

He shouldn't just walk out of here.
Give him to us.

FARADAY

Here's a town full of *heroes*. One wonders how things got so bad, with such stalwarts guarding the realm.

EMMA

Where was your courage when it meant something? Where's your sense of outrage when it *carries consequence*?

FANNING

I thought you left town.

EMMA

I came back.

Everyone looks at her with a mixture of admiration and confusion. She gives Chisolm a look - "what next?"

INT. IMPERIAL SALOON - NIGHT

The MEN and WOMEN from the town all crowd around a small stage at the tavern's rear. Chisolm and his men stand together up front. They trade looks. Horne smiles at Red Harvest, who stiffens and says something gruff in Navajo. Horne looks to Chisolm...

CHISOLM

He kindly asks that you quit
staring at his hairline.

Emma walks up and stands in front of the 7.

EMMA

I have assembled these men and
promised them fair pay from passed
hat as well as whatever they can
carry from the mine on one mule.

FANNING

Who picked you to deal on our
behalf?

EMMA

It seems I was the only one with
balls enough to do so. So I did.

(beat)

I have little knowledge of the
defense we need to mount so I
introduce you to Mr. Chisolm, a man
who over the past few days has
proven to have rare skill and
integrity.

Faraday almost chokes down a laugh, which earns him a look from Chisolm, who, reluctantly, takes a step forward.

MAXWELL slides in the door, interested in the proceedings. We also see Josiah, the meek Headmaster, and his son, Anthony, standing against the wall.

Chisolm's men look over the bedraggled citizenry, seeing *fear, mistrust* in their eyes-- VASQUEZ and BILLY glance to one another, tacit acknowledgment of their alien quality, marking certain of the crowd's distrust-- They both glance to Red Harvest as a fellow non-white, but he's stoic.

CHISOLM

What just happened was an opening skirmish. The war is yet to come. Idea is that *when* it comes, it's on our terms... But make no mistake, *it is coming*.

PETERSON

"Our?" I don't remember voting on this. Good Lord, man, you can't be suggesting we wait around here to face a, a *retaliation*?

CITIZEN

No way *in hell*. My life might be a pig-trough of horseshit, but I ain't ready to give it up yet.

CITIZEN #2

Sumbitch'll come back with a hundred men.

Murmurs of remorseful dissent, '*What have we done?*', '*Gotta leave the town*'-- Chisolm watches with a calm, indicting stare, regarding them in such a way that they quiet...

HAZE

They cleared out for a bit, we should take what we can pull out the mine, make trails 'fore they come back.

The suggestion earns a rumble of *approval* from the people--

EMMA

If anyone wants to leave, fine....
Just don't take anything you didn't bring with you.

FANNING

What about them?

He points to the ragged GROUP OF MINERS in the very back.

FANNING (CONT'D)

They ain't from here. Why should they benefit from anything.

Topper steps forward, speaks out.

TOPPER

No, we ain't. And we live in the tents outside of town. And we seen how you look at us.

(MORE)

TOPPER (CONT'D)

But maybe some of us might want to be a part of whatever it is you plan for this place.

Murmurs of disapproval.

TOPPER (CONT'D)

But if we fight. We stay. And not just in tents.

The townfolks' groans tell us what they think of this. Chisolm gives Emma a look. She steps forward.

EMMA

I say anyone willing to fight for our town can as well prosper from it. Anyone not willing, whether you live in the fanciest house or the smallest lean-to, can move on to hell or otherwise.

Her message lands.

GAVIN DAVID

Beg pardon, sir. I appreciate the spirit, and in my heart, the spirit is more than willing, but in a more, uh, real sense, some of us... see.. We're just not killers.

The 7 trade looks at the unintended insult.

CHISOLM

Most aren't. Until they're looking down a barrel.

(beat)

You'll be trained for specific tasks. The mountains make this valley into a natural fort. The kind of place where few can beat many. *If...* we can lure them down to level ground.

Gavin David nods, still not convinced.

CHISOLM (CONT'D)

It's a three day ride to Sacramento with the bad news, a day for Bogue to curse and plan, and three days back. We have one week to prepare. Get a good night's sleep. It may be your last for awhile.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROSE CREEK - DAY

A parade of FAMILIES are riding out of town, their things packed behind them-- Farmers, children-- Several MINERS, too, deciding to back-out now, trudging out of town... Maybe *forty people*, all told, leaving.

INT. IMPERIAL SALOON - SAME - DAY

Our heroes, sans Chisolm stand at the window and watch the exodus.

GOODNIGHT

Anyone else beginnin' to feel severely under-remunerated?

EMMA

Maybe you'd like to ride out with the others?

GOODNIGHT

All right, all right, Chrissakes.

CHISOLM

If the parade's over, can we get back to work?

They turn from the window and walk to a table where Chisolm has laid out a map of the town and surrounding terrain. Like a general, he points at the map as he talks.

CHISOLM (CONT'D)

Bogue'll come from the south. He'll prefer high ground but we'll try and lure them into town; turn it into a shooting gallery.

Chisolm marks Xs on the map showing the position of each man.

CHISOLM (CONT'D)

Faraday, you start here on the ridge, kick things off with a bang. Billy, here. Vasquez. Horne. Red Harvest - you'll light the place up the rooftop. We create enough confusion and they'll break ranks. Goodnight, you're our best shot with a rifle. Find high ground that gives you a clear line of sight. Hold on Bogue and take him out once the chaos starts.

Goodnight seems uncomfortable with this duty but slowly nods.

HORNE

Why not just shoot him right up
front?

CHISOLM

I aim to converse with him a bit.

FARADAY

How do we know Bogue's even gonna
show?

CHISOLM

He will.

FARADAY

And if he just shoots you in the
head?

Beat--

CHISOLM

Hell, I don't know. Avenge me.

(beat)

If we can lure 'em into the
bottleneck, close the door behind
'em and each group fires and
advances, we have a chance. Worst
case; something goes wrong, all is
lost... we blow the mine.
You'll each lead a group of
defenders and have tasks to
complete before hell rains down.

Everyone looks at one another, gauging their chances--

CHISOLM (CONT'D)

Whatever happens. However it goes
wrong. Bogue can't leave.

EMMA

Where am I?

CHISOLM

Here. Keep the women and children
calm and out of harm's way.

EMMA

I aim to fight.

CHISOLM

It comes to that it means we're all
dead.

FARADAY

And where will you be?

Chisolm marks an X right in the middle of main street and shares a look with Faraday.

EXT. REDUCTION WORKS - DAY

Chisolm goes through the Reduction Works with Maxwell, Stoner, Teddy, Faraday and Emma-- Built attached to the MINE and the lowest of two ridgelines, a TRESTLE TOWER attached to its main platform--

CAULDRONS for melting slag and ore, SIFTING TRAYS-- A huge BRICK FURNACE full of ash and rock-- The MINE a network of cramped, jagged ROCK TUNNELS running through the mountain-- Pick-axes, shovels, candles, a load trolley and slim railtracks crowding the space--

STONER

Bogue turned this mountain into
hell's own kitchen.

Within this central area, a SUPPLY SHED-- OPEN the door to a single crate of DYNAMITE, some blasting caps and fuses, gunpowder-- *Not much--*

CHISOLM

That all the dynamite?

MAXWELL

Yes.

Topper looks to Maxwell, not trusting him, then to Chisolm...

TOPPER

Bogue owns a supply depot near the
NP. There's more there.

MAXWELL

There is that, yes.

EMMA

(to Maxwell)

Convenient of you to remember after
the fact.

(off Chisolm's look)

He works for Bogue.

MAXWELL

I was mine manager but I'm from
here, and abused by Bogue, same as
everybody.

Chisolm sizes up Maxwell, then turns his eyes to the box of dynamite.

CHISOLM

We're gonna need to make a store run.

EXT. ROSE CREEK - DAY

A HEARSECART on the thoroughfare, UNDERTAKER and ASSISTANT loading *dead Blackstone Agents* on the wagon's bed--

JACK HORNE guides younger MEN in digging a LARGE TRENCH, five feet deep, six feet wide in the middle of Main Street.

The DOG lays outside the hole, watching Jack, lazily swatting his tail and gnawing a pig's hoof--

The other diggers glance at Jack's bear-skins and leathers, thrown over some supplies, their stitching tattered, the skins faded and scarred-- They glance at the *tomahawk* on his hip-- MAC nudges TOPPER to speak, *ask something--*

TOPPER

Beg pardon, sir... You the same Jack Horne we heard tell 'bout- The Crow Killer?

Horne doesn't stop digging, throws dirt into a tarp attached to a pulley--

HORNE

...I killed lots of things.

TOPPER

My brother had a penny novel 'bout that fight you had, the Sierra Madres. *Said you killed fifty savages that day.*

Horne feels eyes on him, clocks Red Harvest carrying a bunch of pine branches. In any other circumstance these two men would be enemies.

HORNE

Spend what energy you got digging. I'm not paid to tell tales.

Daunted, the men return to their work-- Horne glances at his dog, its hackles raised-- At a silent transmission, the animal lies down, watching the men with canine lassitude...

EXT. ROSE CREEK, FOREST - DAY

AXE *chops* into a tree-- The large PINE creaks, wavers against blushing sky-- CRASHES to earth-- Vasquez and MEN FROM THE TOWN cutting--

Nearby, Anthony, the 12 year old-- fills a pail with water as he watches the axes *flash* and *thunk* into the bark--

Vasquez works shirtless, *shearing* a felled tree of its branches-- Blows striking hard--

Josiah, Anthony's father, is exhausted, struggling. Vasquez stops cutting, turns to the men--

VASQUEZ

(points with axe)

I want six more down today. If I'm chopping you're chopping.

Vasquez notices Josiah, on his knees, breathing hard.

VASQUEZ (CONT'D)

Get him some water.

Anthony walks over with the water pail and a cup. Josiah sips from the cup, spilling it down his chin.

JOSIAH

Thanks, son...

Anthony's look tells us he's embarrassed by his father's condition. He moves on to Vasquez, who waves him off.

ANTHONY

You should let me cut. I'm stronger than him. Anybody's stronger than him.

Vasquez takes this in, then raises his axe and begins chopping again - strong, deep cuts. Josiah watches him with admiration.

I/E. BLACKSMITH'S TENT - DAY

Stone strikes metal, hammer to anvil over a forge-- Turner and his APPRENTICE (JOHNNY) hammer spent *shell casings* into *arrowheads*-- Dip the sizzling metal into cold water with forceps, lay the arrowhead on a drying sheet--

CHILDREN pluck long goose-feathers from pillows, passing them with a piece of leather twine to WOMEN who slip the feathers into dowel rods, tie them on with deft threading--

JOHNNY

(hushed)

Come on. You gonna tell me this ain't crazy?

TURNER

You saw what they did when they rode in.

JOHNNY

Yeah. They surprised a buncha drunks. Ain't gonna be the same, The Man comes back...

TURNER

Stay positive, huh, Johnny?

JOHNNY

Hell with positive. I'm talking about *gettin killed*--

TURNER

G'damn you, *just where you wanna run to? Huh? ...I'm stayin.* Don't piss in my ear, you go scarin' off. Just get the hell out.

JOHNNY

...I ain't scarin' off...

(with disdain)

An army of Chinamen, Micks, farmers and Injuns.

RED HARVEST sits nearby, whittling pine branches into *smooth dowels*, finished arrows standing in the ground around him like spears-- He stares at them--

CUT TO:

EXT. SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA - NIGHT

Gaslight and horse-drawn carriages, planed sidewalks and brick buildings, an impressive courthouse with flags flying-- Lights within saloons and casinos, hotels, homes--

One brick BUILDING sits beyond a street, three-storeys, filigreed stone-- Bogue's mansion.

INT. BOGUE'S MANSION - NIGHT

A large DRAWING ROOM inside the building, BOGUE smokes a cigar with whiskey, *displeased*-- WATTS stands nearby, as does DENALI, the dead-eyed Comanche giant--

All face EX-SHERIFF HARP, dirty, disheveled--

BOGUE

Did he give you any indication,
this man, what his price would be?

Harp shakes his head, nervous around these men--

WATTS

Fifteen men and I'll have Rose
Creek back in an hour.

BOGUE

And yet you were left with more
than that only to ride back wounded
and without a single one... I'll
buy out every agent Blackstone has,
Mr. Watts, but there's an
expression, about throwing good
money after *bad*.

WATTS

That wasn't anything but the
element of surprise. He won't get
it twice. Men'd been drinking. End
of day, I counted *seven gunsels*.

BOGUE

Every moment that mine is in other
hands is unacceptable. If the town
is gone, and only the mine remains,
so be it. *Are we clear?*

HARP

This man. He wanted to make sure I
told you his name.

EXT. WILDERNESS - NIGHT

Goodnight, Billy, Horne, Chisolm and Vasquez ride -- They
lead *pack mules* carrying crates--

GOODNIGHT

Has anyone given thought to staying
on, in the small chance we are
successful in our defense?

CHISOLM

Think you can hang it up, just like that?

HORNE

We were the type, none of us would be here.

VASQUEZ

And what type is that?

HORNE

Don't get all sore ass on me.

GOODNIGHT

Still, there are some comely widows there, huh Sam?

Chisolm takes the jab without answering.

EXT. NP SUPPLY DEPOT - NIGHT

A boxy supply DEPOT near a convergence of *railtracks*--
Lantern burning outside, large storage SHED attached-- A
couple BLACKSTONE AGENTS posted outside the store, holding
rifles; SIGN: BHB SUPPLY--

AWAY in the brush, hidden behind chaparral, Chisolm passes a
spyglass to Horne--

CHISOLM

Two guards out front. No signs of any trains.

HORNE

Send three in back. Other two open fire from here. Turkey shoot.

Beat--

CHISOLM

...That's a shed full of gunpowder and dynamite.

HORNE

So, nobody miss.

CHISOLM

...Take a page out Faraday's book. Stagecraft.

CUT TO:

Chisolm approaching the Depot, the two SENTRIES converge--

SENTRY 1
Store's closed, friend.

CHISOLM
Ah. Anyway you could open for a moment? I'm interested in making a big purchase.

The two SENTRIES by the shed encroach--

SENTRY 1
What kind?

CHISOLM
Well, every bit of dynamite and gunpowder you got on site.

SENTRY 1
Munitions here already requisitioned by the Bogue Mining Company.

CHISOLM
I'm not here to *purchase it*, I mean to use it. It's in that shed, right?

SENTRY 2
What're you talking about?

NOTICE an audible *hiss*-- Chisolm gestures to the SHED-- To a *fuse burning* outside of it, maybe two feet to go-- sentries see it, all too far away to do anything--

CHISOLM
Loose boards in those walls. Shouldn't've stored the gunpowder so close. Slipped the fuse right in.
(throws up hands)
...Glory, Glory! I'm comin' home!

The Sentries look between each other, confused and unnerved-- When they look back to Chisolm, he has two pistols on them both, point-blank--

CHISOLM (CONT'D)
Just let the rifles fall, gents.

They do-- as Vasquez and Horne cover them from behind, hammers clicking back--

The Sentries eye the fuse, drop their weapons --

SENTRY 2
Y'all crazy!

and make for the hills.

Billy and Goodnight exit the woods, and Goodnight kicks the fuse away where it burns into a fizzing coil-- *Wasn't attached to anything--*

HORNE
What'd Faraday do, before the war?

CHISOLM
...Magician.

INT. SHED - LATER - DUSK

The guys have most of the dynamite loaded onto the mules - full crates, six barrels, satchels. Four barrels left.

GOODNIGHT
Company for dinner!

They look to the distance behind the shed where ten riders approach, bent for hell.

CHISOLM
Move out.

They all head to their horses but Chisolm stays behind. He grabs an unlit lantern from a nail on the outside wall.

HORNE
The hell are you doin'?

CHISOLM
I said move!

They start away. Chisolm walks back into the shed, rolls one barrel to the window, splits another with a hatchet, tosses gunpowder around and sets the lantern on the standing barrel.

APPROACHING GALLOPS - Chisolm carefully lights the lantern, then runs and in one leap, lands on his horse and races away, just as gunshots ring out around him.

Galloping full speed he spins to see the Blackstone's chasing. He waits until they are even with the shed then unsheaths his rifle, puts the reins in his teeth, raises the rifle and fires --

HITTING THE LANTERN which explodes throwing kerosene and fire all over the shed and the gunpowder-- a beat and THEN--

THE WHOLE SHED EXPLODES - lighting the dusky sky and throwing Blackstone Agents and their horses to the ground.

HORNE and the others turn at the sound and light --

HORNE

Damnation!

Chisolm emerges from the smoke, riding toward them pell mell.

GOODNIGHT

That's some powerful magic!

INT. CULLEN HOUSE, ROSE CREEK - DAY

The home where Emma lived with her husband, surface of shelves dusty-- Handmade table and chairs, covered in a layer of iridescent dust-- It puffs on the floor, disturbed by the soft thump of Emma's boots--

A window is broken out-- Crossbeams of sunlight fill the house's main room, and Emma stands alone in their vectors. Slowly, she turns around the room, as if trying to catch sight of the unmade life...

ON a large BED with homemade *quilt and comforter*, beige particles of dust filling its folds-- Emma's hand slides over the comforter, leaving a gray streak on the cotton and her fingers: the dust is partially *ash*...

EXT. ROSE CREEK - NIGHT

Quiet streets. Sentries on post, including Red Harvest-- Big moon-- Light and commotion from inside The Imperial Saloon--

INT. IMPERIAL SALOON - NIGHT

LARGE POTS of stew boil over on a *stovetop*, the KITCHEN seen through an open doorway from which food pours-- Fenton plays threepenny waltz on the old piano--

Goodnight, Billy, Horne, Vasquez and Faraday sit around the long table as WOMEN and MEN attend to serving food, the crowd filling the tavern -- CHILDREN there too, the whole community gathered in fellowship--

The townsfolk, and especially the men, are *exhausted, dirty*, but flush with pride in their exhaustion, their hunger earned, their demeanors different: more tired, less beaten--

The soldiers are served an abundance of deer and rabbit stew, fresh vegetables, potatoes-- Teddy serves dark ale from behind the bar--

Stoner leans against the far end of the bar, chewing a toothpick and sipping port--

Billy keeps company with one homely young WOMAN (MARY); he snaps chopsticks from an arrow, shows her how to eat with them--

Attractive WOMEN (JEZ, TRACY, MOIRA) inquire to each soldier--

JEZ

(to Faraday)

You got everything you need,
Mister? Anything I can do?

FARADAY

You're a dear. Let's see if I can
keep the stew down, first.

He pats her away-- Tracy and Moira flank Horne, hunched over his food-- He wears a white shirt and overalls, new, uncomfortable--

TRACY

Look at the size of those hands.
You alright, Big Man?

MOIRA

Mr. David figured you'd need a
twofer. He says I'm progressive.

Their attention unnerves him somewhat, in a private way--

HORNE

A woman don't have me but the one
way. An I ain't lookin to acquire
bad habits. Thank'ee anyway.

He passes Moira his empty mug--

HORNE (CONT'D)

How bout a refill from the barkeep.
Then y'all leave me in peace.

LENI FRANKEL, the widow, approaches, holding a baby. She passes a piece of jerky to Horne's DOG, who lays at his feet, tail wagging as he snatches the meat.

She lays down Jack Horne's *old leathers*, now darkly burnished to a deep shine, and the *stitching* has been expertly redone with white thread. He puts down his utensils, still chewing, looks them over, restored to better-than-new-- Looks Leni Frankel over, a strong woman, 38, with a frank belligerence in her face--

HORNE (CONT'D)

You the one took my skins? I 'bout scalped that Topper boy. Give me this little princess outfit--

He's dressed like any regular man--

LENI

I had him grab them for me to repair... Now the stitching will outlast you, I imagine.

HORNE

...I didn't ask you to do that.

LENI

I didn't ask for you to ask.

She walks back to her townfolk-- Horne watches her walk away--
- Faraday observes the exchange, smiles at Horne--

HORNE

...What?

FARADAY

Thinking of settling down?

HORNE

Take your eyes off'n me. I didn't ask her to do that.

FARADAY

You clean up good, you know. Like a big, bristly bear. All shoulders.

HORNE

You looking to get crippled before the big fight?

FARADAY

Morally speaking, yes.

HORNE

Don't needle me.

FARADAY

I wasn't trying to. *But talkin' needles:* that lady did some stickin' and pokin' for you, maybe you should return the favor.

Horne *blushes* as Faraday drinks to his own punchline--

Across the tavern, tired and dirty MINERS eat, drink coffee, watch the soldiers--

TOPPER

We got two ten-foot pits done today. Hank said the Horne fella almost built a whole wall himself.

JARVIS

Them rifles, I'm worried about. We can build all kinds of hoo-hah, won't matter. This is gonna be about shooting, and I don't know a man at this meal ever been in a gunfight.

TOPPER

Chisolm don't seem worried none.

BART

(hushed, bitter)

Hey. You said it Jarvis. No matter what we're plannin on, this is gonna be about all the guns in the world versus a *bunch of tenderfoots*.

The Miners glance to one another, concerned.

Vasquez, sitting by himself, accepts a bowl of food then flicks away two of the girls' advances without even looking at them. His eyes are on --

Anthony, outside, peering through the window, watching him.

EXT. SALOON - SAME - NIGHT

Vasquez, carrying the bowl of stew, walks outside, looks around - no Anthony.

VASQUEZ

Show yourself.

A beat more, then Anthony appears from the shadows.

VASQUEZ (CONT'D)
It's not polite to stare.

ANTHONY
I didn't mean nothing by it.

He turns to leave.

VASQUEZ
Sit down.

Anthony considers the command then walks over and sits several feet away from Vasquez.

VASQUEZ (CONT'D)
Your father runs the school.

ANTHONY
He ain't much good at nothing else.

Vasquez looks right through him, points a finger --

VASQUEZ
Don't disrespect him. Where is your mother?

ANTHONY
Died having me.

VASQUEZ
We don't all come into the world with the same gifts. Some are strong, some are smart, some are fast. But a heart beats in all. And if that heart is willing, great things can happen. Miracles can happen.

Anthony nods. Vasquez passes his bowl to Anthony.

VASQUEZ (CONT'D)
Eat. We need you to grow fast.
(looks out at the night)
Very fast.

ACROSS THE STREET

Emma, alone, watches the Imperial, the light and motion of community-- Some flicker of hope.

Emma notices above her on the roof of the bank, Red Harvest stands sentry, the brave's silhouette with foot perched on the edge, leaned forward on elbow, vigilant.

CHISOLM

Like watching a play, isn't it?

She turns, sees Chisolm leaning against a wall behind her. He's been there all along.

EMMA

A play?

CHISOLM

The lights. The stage. I went once. Kansas City.

EMMA

You don't strike me as the theatre type.

CHISOLM

I was made to go.

EMMA

By whom?

(gets it)

A woman? Mr. Chisolm, I've learned more about you in the last five seconds than I have the past ten days.

Chisolm leans against the hitching post.

CHISOLM

I didn't much care for it, to be honest. Just kept wondering what the characters were really like; when the spotlights weren't on.

EMMA

I'm not sure I understand.

CHISOLM

It's easy to act like someone else when you know everybody's watching.

She takes this in, understands Chisolm on a deeper level.

EMMA

And the woman? What happened to her?

Chisolm holds a beat, stares off into the night...

CHISOLM

Ran off with someone who liked theatre.

INT. SALOON - SAME - NIGHT

Faraday has assembled all the children and is doing card tricks. He makes a fire-flash in his hand - the children *ooh, aah and laugh-*

EXT. ROSE CREEK, FOREST - DAY

GUNFIRE-- *Smiley faces* painted on the stripped tops of pine POSTS are unmoved by a *volley of whizzing bullets* that ruffle the trees in the forest beyond-- A branch falls and topples to the ground deeper within the trees--

ON Faraday, stupefied, regarding the posts and the *sixteen MINERS and MEN* holding *smoking rifles* --

FARADAY

Jesus wept. That's really something.

He looks over the unmarred POSTS, *smiley faces, all misses--*

FARADAY (CONT'D)

Statistically speaking, one of you had to hit it... God help us. Again.

The men clumsily reload their rifles, a random mix of long-guns, some very old, most taken off the Blackstone agents-- Faraday watches with lessening patience as Chisolm rides up, observes--

FARADAY (CONT'D)

Ready! ...Aim!

Topper, Jarvis, Bart, Mac, Turner, Peterson, et al, raise weapons, draw their sites with shaky hands, wincing faces--

FARADAY (CONT'D)

Fire!

Discordant, shots scattered-- Most of the men *jerk* before they pull the trigger, and those that don't plain miss, get kicked backward by the recoil-- *All misses again--*

CUT TO:

GOODNIGHT walks over, somewhat taken aback at how poorly the men are shooting.

GOODNIGHT

(to himself)
A fool's errand.

BACK ON the men squinting in the gunsmoke, look between one another and the intact targets, all humbled--

FARADAY

The recoil of a rifle is not to be shunned, dammit! Squeeze! Absorb! Get some gravel in your guts, you sonsabitches!

CHISOLM

They need inspiration.

FARADAY

Of course. Men *have* to be inspired to court death.

CHISOLM

...That's right. They do.

FARADAY

You sure this is the right thing, handing these poor bastards guns? Maybe it's better just to blow the mine.

CHISOLM

They'll stand up. They'll have to.

FARADAY

You don't fight a war just 'cause it's available.

The silent stare between them is both confessional and accusatory--

CHISOLM

You ever get tired of always having something to say?

FARADAY

...I was born tired.

Chisolm kicks his horse and rides away--

Faraday notices Goodnight on the fringe, grabs a rifle, tosses it to him.

FARADAY (CONT'D)

Watch this man shoot. Do what he does.

All eyes on Goodnight, who, somewhat reluctantly, lifts the rifle and eyes the target. Then...

His trigger hand starts shaking. Not enough for anyone but Faraday to notice.

Goodnight lowers the rifle.

GOODNIGHT

I can hit paper and we should save
the lead.

A shared look between Goodnight and Faraday, then Faraday turns to the men...

FARADAY

Y'all go home, shine your rifles,
maybe the glint'll scare 'em.

The discouraged marksmen walk away.

FARADAY (CONT'D)

And order some eye glasses.

Faraday turns to Goodnight, who tosses the rifle back.

FARADAY (CONT'D)

Something you want to share?

(beat)

Was the legend only that?

Goodnight takes a beat, smiles to himself.

GOODNIGHT

Want the truth or the legend?

(beat)

Two years ago I got into a mix with
a drunk ne'er do well flashing a
pearl handled revolver. He pushed,
I walked, he followed. Stare down.
Both drew... and I hesitated.
Don't know why, just did. Maybe I
hit my number, maybe I lost my
nerve, I don't know. Thankfully his
fancy pants pistol jammed and we
just stared at each other til' I
turned and walked away.

FARADAY

You gonna be all right? With this,
I mean.

GOODNIGHT

I don't know Josh. You tell me.

Faraday nods and Goodnight walks away.

A RIFLE COCKS. Faraday turns to see Emma walking forward with a rifle of her own.

Faraday smiles at her moxie and moves closer as she lifts the rifle - aiming at the targets.

FARADAY

Set the sight in the lowest part of the V, finger on trigger.

EMMA

I had a father, thank you.

Faraday slides in behind her, placing one hand on her hand on the rifle and the other on her hip.

FARADAY

Exhale... and squeeze...

EMMA

Mind your hands, Mr. Faraday.

He smiles, removes his hands. She fires, hitting the target dead center.

FARADAY

Damn. You're already our best shot.

EMMA

...How do you know Mr. Chisolm? You were grey and he was blue, correct?

FARADAY

We met after. He opened a dry goods store in Kansas City. We ran in the same circles.

EMMA

Where's he from?

FARADAY

Rural town in Kansas. Took care of his mother, sisters.

(beat)

After the war a Renegade bunch of greys killed them and burned the homestead while he was living in Kansas City. He felt so bad about not having been there to defend that he sold his business, took on their bounties and sent all five of them to their graves. After that he figured it was the only thing he was good at or good for.

EMMA

You think he's trying to make up
for something.

FARADAY

Who knows? But he would be the
first to tell you, revenge is an
affliction.

He treads carefully, and they don't look at each other as she
lines up another shot.

EMMA

It's a purpose, not an affliction.

FARADAY

Whatever blinds you against your
pleasure is an affliction, ma'am.
He'd tell you that, too.

EMMA

You a fan of the theatre, Mr.
Faraday?

She fires - hits the smiley face dead center again.

FARADAY

Bulls-eye.

EXT. GOLD MINE, ROSE CREEK - NIGHT

In darkness, KELVIN, MAC, and TEN other miners move
furtively, loading saddle-bags on their horses, hitched near
the mine and works-- GOODNIGHT is with them, and they're
loading what supplies they have, and what *gold* they've been
able to find--

GOODNIGHT

Take what you can. Not that there's
much.

MAC

You knew Topper wasn't goin to
come. He's gettin into it. Thinks
he's like Faraday now.

KELVIN

He made his choice. We're making
ours.

MAC

Way I see it.

GOODNIGHT

Billy ain't havin it either. Thinks he's gonna settle here, this is all over... You boys don't stand a chance out there... Bein' realistic ain't no sin.

Goodnight watches the town, the *sentries* on post at the roofs--
No movement or signs they've been spotted--

GOODNIGHT (CONT'D)

Now keep it down, boys. And speed it up...

EXT. FOREST PASS - LATER - NIGHT

Goodnight and the truant miners lead their horses up toward a forest pass, quiet, avoiding the central thoroughfare of Rose Creek-- They pass through a thick stand of trees and into more open forest, lit by the moon-- And they run into CHISOLM, Faraday and Billy.

FARADAY

Out for a stroll?

Goodnight looks at Billy accusingly--

GOODNIGHT

Dammit...

BILLY

You let me down, Goody.

CHISOLM

You're cutting out.

GOODNIGHT

I... *Hell yes I am cutting out.*
Look at what we're fighting with,
for God's sake. These boys about
shit themselves holding rifles.
Bogue's gonna come in here and
stomp you into the dirt.

(re miners)

*...Hurry-up training ain't gonna
win you this.*

CHISOLM

...The plan's good. It could work.

GOODNIGHT

Even if there's nothing in for you?
(holds up two bags)

(MORE)

GOODNIGHT (CONT'D)

This is every bit of gold from the lock box in that two bit mine. Can't be a lot more to dig. I'm guessing it's near tapped. Nothing waiting back there for you but a pine box.

Again, no response, just judgment, Billy staring hard at him--

GOODNIGHT (CONT'D)

You gonna try and stop me?

CHISOLM

No... Just leave the gold here.

GOODNIGHT

Now hold on a minute. I put in work here. *I'm owed.*

CHISOLM

You really want to open this up to what you're owed?

GOODNIGHT

Fine. Screw it.

After long looks of admonition and disappointment, the deserters start to ride out, passing slowly through judgmental stares-- Goodnight meets all the stares, and as he passes Billy--

GOODNIGHT (CONT'D)

Everybody wants to be something they're not.

The gunsharps watch the deserters disappear into the trees, heading north-- They look to the two small sacks of gold on the ground. Faraday sighs and shakes his head.

CUT TO:

THE TWO SACKS SIT ON A TABLE IN --

INT. SALOON - LATER - NIGHT

The place is empty. The 7, now 6, sit at a table and stare at the sacks. Nothing is said but Faraday guzzles from a bottle, well into his cups.

EXT. SALOON - SAME

Outside the windows several townspeople watch. Emma races up.

EMMA
What's happening?

Stoner blocks her path.

STONER
Private meeting. Mr. Chisolm said
to keep everyone out. Especially
you.

She considers arguing but makes her way to the window.

INSIDE THE SALOON - THE 6

CHISOLM
Needless to say the terms of our
employment have changed.

FARADAY
They've changed to no employment.

CHISOLM
So... no ill will toward you if you
leave. No one will ever cast
aspersions on your character. But
seeing as we're maybe two days away
from this, I's you I wouldn't tarry
in my departure.

BILLY
You're saying we're all gonna die.

CHISOLM
There's that.

VASQUEZ
And you?

Chisolm considers for a moment, then his eyes lock with Emma,
who outside the window, stares back.

CHISOLM
I'm thinking I'll see it through.

Faraday smiles, shakes his head and drinks from the bottle.

CHISOLM (CONT'D)
I won't ask any of you to stay.

The men become aware of the townsfolk staring at them through the window. Horne locks eyes with Leni Frankel, then scoots back in his chair, stands. All eyes on him.

HORNE

I'm going to grab some shut-eye.
Lots to do tomorrow.

Vasquez spots Anthony and Billy spots the miners. They both rise.

VASQUEZ

We have watch.

Red Harvest stands. All eyes go to him.

RED HARVEST

(IN ENGLISH!)
I'm kinda hungry.

They all walk out together, leaving Faraday and Chisolm.

CHISOLM

I'll be damned. He speaks English.
All this time.

FARADAY

And you're gonna get him killed.
What's this about? I always took
you for a man with a level head.

CHISOLM

I always took you for a man could
hold his booze. Not let his mouth
run off.

FARADAY

My mouth runs the same with or
without booze. And like the rest of
me, it's concerned about your sense
of reality. You want to stay, fine,
don't guilt the rest of 'em into
martyrdom over reasons you won't
share.

CHISOLM

Because I don't care to. But I know
'em and that's all that matters.
What about you? *Why're you here,*
Josh?

Long beat--

FARADAY

Because you asked me. Sam.

The stare between them holds firm. Faraday slides the bottle hard toward Chisolm who grabs it with a paw without blinking.

FARADAY (CONT'D)

This has been comin' awhile,
wouldn't you say?

CHISOLM

I would.

Faraday smiles and holds up both hands as if to say, "Let's do this."

Chisolm pushes the bottle back to Faraday, rises and walks out the back of the saloon. Faraday looks at the faces in the window, throws back one more gulp of whiskey and follows out the back door.

EXT. BEHIND SALOON - SAME - NIGHT

Nothing but open fields. Chisolm walks with purpose, taking off his jacket and unbuttoning his vest, dropping them in his wake.

Twenty yards behind, Faraday, all drunken smiles, follows. As soon as he's near...

FARADAY

Jesus Christ - far enough already.
You're taking advantage of my poor
wind.

Chisolm stops, turns and throws a right into Faraday's jaw that sends him reeling. Faraday rubs his jaw as Chisolm takes off his shirt and tosses it aside.

CHISOLM

I surmise as you're undressing that
you didn't yet get it all out of
your system?

Faraday sighs, tosses his own jacket aside and stands. The two men size each other up, then Faraday rushes forward, tackling Chisolm. They both fall to the ground as dust swirls around them.

In the distance, Emma approaches then stops, interested in watching but giving them their privacy. They don't notice her.

Faraday rolls away from Chisolm and gives him a quick kick to the ribs. Chisolm rises to a squat, then springs and comes at Faraday. They trade punches to the face, the body - teetering with each blow.

Finally Chisolm delivers a haymaker that sends Faraday on his back. Chisolm stands over him, ready for more.

CHISOLM (CONT'D)

Get up.

Faraday, out of breath and bleeding, looks up at Chisolm and shakes his head.

FARADAY

If beating me to a bloody pulp
makes you feel better, makes you
feel even, then congratulations.

(touches his cheek)

Blood.

(holds out bottom lip)

Pulp.

Chisolm still stands over him, hands balled into fists.

FARADAY (CONT'D)

While I appreciate being thought of
as the greatest Lothario west of
the Mississippi, truth is I was
just there when you weren't. And
if you'd as so much as written a
letter she'd have come back quick
as a hiccup.

(beat)

She didn't leave you, Sam. You
left her.

Chisolm takes this in, recognizes it as the truth, lowers his fists and collapses to the ground beside Faraday. They both breathe heavily.

FARADAY (CONT'D)

You should know that she died
peaceful, Sam.

Emma, watching from afar, hints at a smile.

EXT. ROSE CREEK - DAY

BILLY and HORNE lead a group of Miners, some of them Chinese, in *hoisting* a huge LOG --

The log reaches the top, and Billy pulls it over, ties it down to the other logs with men helping, all conversing in Chinese as they work. The logs are attached to a mule team with Vasquez overseeing.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Rain falling. Faraday leads a unit, strategically placing them in spots on the main street.

FARADAY
This is how we'll control the
street! *Advance. Raise. Fire.*
Reload!

Chisolm looks on from the hotel porch, concerned.

FARADAY (CONT'D)
You get within ten feet don't worry
about reloading! Stab and Step!
...Bayonet drill!

The men all reach for their bayonets to fix at the ends of their rifles, rain falling harder, pouring off their hats.

EMMA (O.S.)
I'm taking Goodnight's spot.

Chisolm turns to see Emma at the end of the porch.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Don't even try. All the others have
their jobs and I'm a dead shot.

CHISOLM
So I hear.

EMMA
If anybody deserves the kill it's
me.

Chisolm hesitates for a moment, then nods. Emma is taken aback by his concession.

EMMA (CONT'D)
You're an agreeable man, Mr.
Chisolm.

CHISOLM
Sam.

Emma drops her guard for a moment and almost, almost blushes.

EMMA

You're an agreeable man... Sam.

They hold a look. What might be... and then she walks away. Sam watches her go, then...

CHISOLM

(to himself)

Damn....

EXT. NP DEPOT SUPPLY STATION - NIGHT

The rain continues to fall. Watts and the Blackstones, many, are camped nearby, their horses tied off in groups.

A fancy train car comes to a stop at the depot. The door opens and out steps Bogue followed by Denali. He looks around, surveying his assembled army.

WATTS

Good evening, Mr. Bogue. All troops assembled.

Bogue just nods and walks past.

WATTS (CONT'D)

Something else. We got some intelligence on what they're planning.

Bogue stops, turns and sees from a crowd, Maxwell, the mine manager step forward.

SLOW FADE BLACK

EXT. ROSE CREEK - DAY

WIDE SHOT - Rose Creek peaceful and quiet, bucolic beneath a beautiful sky-- A few CHILDREN play in the fields, watched by sitters, but otherwise the streets seem deserted-- Birds chirp, breeze rustles.

EXT. ROSE CREEK ELYSIUM - DAY

Chisolm sits outside, hat tipped over his eyes. Then he lifts the hat, his eyes open. He hears something that we don't.

He stands, walks out into the street, listens, glances to the rooftop, trades looks with Red Harvest, who also is aware.

EXT ROOFTOP - SAME - DAY

Red Harvest runs to a crest of the roof, looks out. A RUMBLING. He races to A BELL and RINGS IT AGAIN AND AGAIN.

EXT. MAIN STREET - SAME - DAY

Chisolm is joined by Faraday, Vasquez, Horne and Billy. They all look to the horizon. They are silent even as the BELL CONTINUES TO RING. Their eyes perk as they see the dust storm and RISING RUMBLE approach.

Simply awesome and terrifying. And then the dust dissipates leaving a view of --

Seventy-five men on horseback, side by side, staring down at them. A stand off.

Emma arrives, settles in next to Chisolm.

EMMA

Not as many as I thought.

FARADAY

We take down ten apiece it'll be a rout instead of a massacre.

It's the truth.

VASQUEZ

No matter. People will talk about this day for years to come.

CHISOLM

Well... Gentlemen, what say we make sure we're a worthy topic of conversation?

They smile, exchange looks. Horne laughs first, then they all begin to chuckle and laugh. They are indeed the Magnificent Seven.

CHISOLM (CONT'D)

Enough already.

They break to their stations.

EXT. ROSE CREEK - DAY

Vasquez positions Eight MEN of the town in an alley, hidden from above by the height of the buildings-- Sweating, scared, they grip their rifles. Josiah's hands shake as he loads a rifle. Then he spots Anthony, watching from nearby.

JOSIAH

Anthony! You're supposed to be in
the cave with the others. Git!
Now!

Anthony nods, runs around behind the building and races up a stairwell to a balcony where he crouches - he wants to watch.

EXT. FOREST, ROSE CREEK - DAY

Faraday crouches near trees, below the central rise-- Teddy nearby, both armed and watching. Faraday's hands are on a dynamite plunger.

FARADAY

...Come on downtown, you bastard...

EXT. HILLTOP - SAME - DAY

Bogue's private carriage comes to a stop behind the line of horses. Bogue and Denali step out and Bogue marches to the front of the line, accepts a spyglass from Watts.

SPYGLASS POV-- A peaceful, quiet town, the reduction works dormant, no signs of life-- And then --

On Main Street a single figure walks, dragging two tall back chairs. Chisolm. He sets one chair down and the other eight feet away, facing him.

Then he *plants* the WHITE FLAG beside his chair-- Chisolm *opens his coat*, showing *no weapons*-- He holds it up and slowly revolves to show his back, jacket open and sits in one of the chairs.

Bogue lowers the spyglass and laughs. Heartily.

BOGUE

Bring me my horse.

WATTS

It's a set up.

BOGUE

And we've made adjustments.

MAXWELL

Whole town's booby-trapped.

WATTS

Mr. Bogue --

BOGUE

Deploy behind and around me.

WATTS

What's to say he just won't shoot you?

BOGUE

I have you Mr. Watts. Should I worry? Double pay for everyone when we take back the town.

A blonde gelding horse arrives and Bogue rises to the saddle. Watts tries one last time.

WATTS

Watch from here, Mr. Bogue.

BOGUE

He called me a coward.

Bogue moves his horse forward. Maxwell starts to slide away.

WATTS

Where the hell you goin'?

EXT. ROSE CREEK - DAY

Chisolm sits on the tall-back chair, straight posture, waiting with an endless patience-- Birds chirp out the stillness-- The ground faintly trembles as--

Bogue's ARMY appears, a wave of hard men in oilcoats, twenty horses in the lead, and in front of them--

Bartholomew Bogue, Denali, Watts flanking him cast a shadow over Chisolm, and he looks up into it-- Slowly, Chisolm raises a hand in greeting, smiles--

Bogue looks around them-- The quiet streets, the abandonment, his soldiers ringing the village-- He glances between his lieutenants-- WATTS *draws* his pistols on Chisolm--

WATTS

Say something smart for me, now.

CHISOLM

Force equals mass times gravity. I
can demonstrate, if you like.

BOGUE

(descends horse)
Keep him covered.

EXT. ROOFTOP - SAME

Emma, lying flat peering down the barrel of a rifle, her
finger on the trigger, barely breathing. Bogue's men are in a
semi-circle around him, blocking any possible shot.

EMMA

Damn...

EXT. HILLSIDE - SAME

Faraday, hands on the plunger, watches intently.

BACK TO MAIN STREET

Bogue walks to the chair opposite Chisolm and sits.

BOGUE

Chisolm. How do I know that name?

CHISOLM

Your obituary. Last line. "Killed
at the hand of..."

BOGUE

Remind me again how we are
connected. Are we connected?

CHISOLM

Depends.

(beat)

Did you hire renegade greys to
pillage and steal land in Kansas?

BOGUE

Perhaps.

CHISOLM

Then perhaps you do know me, or at
least of my family; mother, two
sisters, raped, killed. Green
River, Kansas, fourteenth of
October, 1867. Perhaps.

BOGUE
Homesteaders?

CHISOLM
People working hard to make a life.
(beat)
Just like these people here.

BOGUE
I was told you have an offer.

CHISOLM
I do.
(beat)
Leave now and your life...
(gestures to Blackstones)
...your lives will be spared.

Bogue looks at his army and chuckles.

BOGUE
You amuse me, Mr. Chisolm.

CHISOLM
You disgust me, Mr. Bogue.

BOGUE
You ought remove any judgment from
your tone, lest I take it along
with your tongue.

Chisolm licks his lips.

BOGUE (CONT'D)
How is it you believe you have any
negotiable position, Mr. Chisolm?
This town doesn't belong to you.
It belongs to me.

CHISOLM
True, this isn't my town. But it's
changed a lot since you were last
here. Fact is, it isn't a town at
all anymore.

BOGUE
What is it then?

Chisolm *stands, this a signal--*

CHISOLM
A machine for killing assholes.

THREE EXPLOSIONS ROCK MAIN STREET

Sending horses flying and a large battalion of Blackstones scurrying.

Earth shakes-- Bogue and his men disrupted by the explosion-- Chisolm *yanks* the White Flag up; it's stick point is a *blasting cap* with a pouch-- Chisolm throws the flag like a javelin and it *explodes* in the middle of Bogue's men-- SMOKE BOMB, a WHITE WALL of dense smoke throws a curtain between them.

EXT. ROSE CREEK, FOREST - DAY

WOMEN herd the *children* into a CAVE, hidden by a thick door covered in brush camouflage. Moira calls back to a group of stragglers.

MOIRA

Hurry!

INT. LENI FRANKEL'S HOUSE - SAME

Leni swaddling her baby, ready to leave, hears the commotion, races to the door and opens it to see --

Smoke and gunfire. LENI gasps - what to do? She closes the door, locks it and goes to a corner, holding her baby tight.

BACK ON MAIN STREET

GIGANTIC WALLS OF SPIKED LOGS *shake the terrain* as they rumble across the back and sides of the street, pulled by mules and horses led by Vasquez and HORNE--

The spiked logs FENCE in Bogue's men--

Chisolm spins behind his high-backed CHAIR as Bogue's men open fire into the white smoke-- See the high-back of the chair is reinforced with a *sheet of iron--*

Chisolm *kicks down* at the ground behind the chair, reveals a hole covered with cloth and dirt-- A one-man *trench* he *drops* into as the gunfire tears his iron-chair to pieces --

His pistols and repeater inside the trench, along with a DYNAMITE PLUNGER-- He *hits it--*

The street beyond the white smoke *EXPLODES--* soldiers flying into the air, raining down on buildings--

INT. LENI FRANKEL'S HOUSE - SAME

Leni Frankel holds her baby tight, squelching cries

EXT. FOREST, ROSE CREEK - DAY

Faraday and Teddy *ride hard* on horses- *Yah! Yah!* -kicking mud, thundering down toward the ridgeline of riflemen as the flaming arrow flies--

EXT. ROSE CREEK - DAY

*(*Denotes a shift in perspective during action)*

Smoke, bullets flying-- Chisolm stands in his trench, using his sawed-off repeater to blast into the debris and chaos--

Maxwell starts to run, terrified. Watts sees his exit and shoots him in the back.

Denali shields Bogue as they try to get their horses--

*Horne releases Chisolm's horse from a tether, slaps him--

Chisolm's horse breaks through the white smoke -- The stallion sprints past Chisolm -- who grabs the saddle and stirrups, yanked out of the trench-- as bullets fill the air-- Then he sees --

HIS POV - RIDGELINE

Blackstone Agents appear en masse. First one ridge, then the other.

BACK TO CHISOLM

CHISOLM
Shit! The ridge!
(calls out)
THE RIDGE!

*Horne drops back with his rifle and orders FOUR RIFLEMEN, including Stoner and Gavin David--

HORNE
Fire on high!

Everyone fires up at the riflemen along the forest ridge -- the agents riding hard down toward the town.

*Red Harvest appears on a roof, draws a long bow and aims a *flaming arrow* toward the ridgeline-- Release-- The flaming arrow arcs over the sky--

* Chisolm gallops through the smoke out of the fray.

EXT. RIDGELINE / FOREST, ROSE CREEK - DAY

The FLAMING ARROW hits a BARREL set against a tree along the ridge-- EXPLOSION - *The barrel's filled with gunpowder*-- Several AGENTS blown off their horses, bloodied, a haze of debris and splinters descending around them-- As they gather themselves, bleeding and stunned--

*FARADAY rounds a tree on his horse like a bat out of hell, charging Bogue's riflemen with two guns blazing-- Multiple kills, Teddy riding behind--

Faraday rides through the stunned Agents, blasting their positions around the ridgeline--

*Teddy aims his rifle on another *barrel* posted along their path-- *Fires*-- Another gunpowder barrel EXPLODES and A GRASS FIRE STARTS, burning quickly down the hill toward town.

*Faraday rides into the debris and the other Agents, shooting them as they try to aim, missing him, drawing their fire--

EXT. ROSE CREEK - DAY

*Billy leads four town MEN out an alley, *fires a volley into Bogue's Agents*, crosses the street as a unit, into another alley--

Billy uses a sling and a pistol-- Hangs back and engages some foot soldiers, kicks a rifle away as it blasts beside him--

*Chaos and smoke-- Watts splits the mass of foot Agents --

WATTS

You men, follow me!

(points)

Take the rest to the Works! Capture the mine!

*Denali protects Bogue, shuttling him through the free-fire, toward a building for cover--

*Emma moves along the roof, trying to get a clean shot at Bogue. No luck.

*HORNE moves across Main Street, firing his own guns till they're empty, grabs a fallen man's--

*EMMA races down stairs from the roof and runs into Watts' group, who charge-- Watts recognizes her--

WATTS (CONT'D)

Come here you bitch!

Emma turns around, firing into the Blackstones, fleeing as they give chase--

*ON the ROOFS - Red Harvest, firing rifles into the smoky melee, one in each hand-- He drops the rifles once fired, grabs other RIFLES that he stashed on all the roofs-- He leaps over the roofs in a wide, circular pattern, firing so as to herd the grouping of Agents down the thoroughfare--

*Back on Emma, being chased by Watts's group. She drops behind a pile of crates and fires at the group, holding them in check, for now.

*Leni holds her child, tries to keep him from crying.

*Chisolm leaps off his horse, and lands beside Billy, taking cover behind a horse trough. Smoke from the grass fire blows through the air. Chisolm raises his rifle, then lowers it when he sees --

ON THE WEST RIDGE

A horse drawn cart stops at the top of the ridge. On it is a GATLING GUN.

WHIP PAN TO:

ON THE EAST RIDGE

A new group of Bogue soldiers crest the hill, headed down toward the Reduction Works.

CHISOLM

Shit. Gatling Gun.

BILLY

Should we take it?

Chisolm thinks for a second then sighs...

CHISOLM

Odds are long.

(beat)

We blow the mine.

EXT. EAST RIDGE - SAME

Several agents on the Gatling Gun cart plus a few more on horseback. They eye the valley and the opposite ridge.

ONE AGENT

We need to get closer.

SECOND AGENT

We're supposed to cover that ridge and protect the mine.

ONE AGENT

We're too far away. Let's head down.

INT. STORE - DAY

Bogue's drawn his own gun and knife, taking cover behind a counter-- DENALI secures the store (empty), three other AGENTS there, positioned around windows-- They break glass, shoot outside as Denali exits into the fray --

EXT. ROSE CREEK - DAY

EMMA runs out of bullets, drops down to reload. Watts' men, 3 of them, advance, pistols raised. She takes a breath and waits for what seems like too long. They are a mere ten feet away when she does a quick roll out into the open and fires a pistol hitting one, then the other. Just as she is about to aim at the third, he drops.

Revealing Vasquez behind him, pistol smoking.

*Vasquez is grazed in the back, spins back around to the street and shoots the Agent who shot him--

More Agents are coming down from the forests, swarming, when--

*FARADAY and TEDDY ride around through the trees, following the ridgeline and hitting the encroaching Agents from the back, drawing their fire, then riding down into the valley--

Faraday's arm is bleeding-- Shots ringing after them as the Agents pursue--

INT. CAVE - DAY

All the WOMEN and CHILDREN huddle around lantern light in the cave, the support joists creaking, dirt drifting down-- SHOTS ring outside, shouts, and during it all a WOMAN is telling the children a story from a book of nursery rhymes-- Everyone tries to not be scared--

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

*On the balcony, Anthony watches as --

*Josiah hides behind a barrel, fires and clumsily reloads. He sees that the grass fire has now reached the wooden buildings on the end of town. The Schoolhouse is already in flames.

JOSIAH

Fire! Fire!

*Vasquez and HORNE meet, go back-to-back, firing at encroaching Agents, dodging bullets --

Then they hear something - a BABY CRYING. They trade looks and both their eyes go to a wooden house on fire - the source of the cries.

Horne makes his way toward the house, turning and firing while Vasquez tries to cover him.

*Leni Frankel, terrified, sets down the baby, takes a towel and tries to put out the flames which have taken half of one of her walls. One of her sleeves blasts into flames just as --

A hand pulls her away and Horne bear-hugs her, smothering the flames, throws her over his shoulder, grabs the baby and --

Walks out of the house - through the smoke - holding both Leni and the crying baby. When he gets to an alley he dumps Leni to the ground and then sees --

Denali ten feet away - his big knife raised to throw. Just as he flings it --

Horne spins, protecting the baby and taking the knife in his back to the hilt!

He grimaces in pain and hands over the baby to Leni.

HORNE

Go!

She runs to safety, then Horne turns and faces off with a smiling Denali, who now holds a pistol.

In a lightning fast move Horne throws his hatchet underhand, knocking Denali's pistol away-- The big men charge each other, *colliding* in the mud--

*Vasquez moves to help and he's *shot* in the shoulder, the *side*, falls to his knees and uses his last bullet to kill the man that did it--

Vasquez sees between buildings, a GROUP of AGENTS moving to enter from an alley-- No gun, Vasquez reaches into the sack at his belt, pulls his *lasso*, rises and runs to *meet* the Agents at the alley's mouth, makes the tightness of their grouping work to his advantage--

TRACK Vasquez through the narrow ALLEY *swinging the lasso* --

Loops and jerks a man's pistol, uses it to shoot the men immediately in front of him, runs toward open space--

*Horne and Denali wrestle, two big men vicious as animals-- Denali's knife still embedded in Horne's back.

Brutal, ugly blows land like sledgehammers-- too entwined for anyone else to get a clear shot--

*Toward the reduction works-- Billy shoots pistols and uses his sling to clear the space before him-- Kicking up close, using his *sais*--

*Chisolm reaches the Reduction Works, starts climbing the TRESTLE TOWER, using its cross-beams for cover while shooting back at the Agents in pursuit--

He ascends the trestle deftly-- Leaps from beam to beam, nimble-- The Agents follow him up, firing, ricochets zip by his head-- Shoots back, sees below--

*Billy tries to cover Chisolm but is outnumbered, cornered behind a rock as shots rain down--

And then one of his aggressors is shot, then another, then another - dropping like flies --

Billy spins to see --

GOODNIGHT ROBICHEAUX

Galloping down from the forest ridge, firing his rifle like a cowboy in a Remington or Russell -- pure ungodly fierce beauty and talent.

Another drops and another. All done. He arrives and jumps off his horse to meet Billy.

BILLY

Goody!

GOODNIGHT

It hit me how to turn this mess into profit.

(beat)

Wild West Show!

BILLY

That's why you came back?

GOODNIGHT

The star has to be in the finale, doesn't he?

Billy knows this is cover for a good-hearted gesture.

BILLY

Right.

He yanks Billy up on his horse, passes him a gun-- Both men look to the Reduction Work trestle as Chisolm climbs and the tower *fills with Agents in pursuit*--

GOODNIGHT

Where's the man we're supposed to kill? *Let's get on with it.*

Billy nods in the direction of the stores-- They ride out through remaining Agents-- Billy fires, killing two--

EXT. REDUCTION WORKS - DUSK

*Near the top of the trestle tower, Chisolm stages a *one-man war* against *twenty* Agents pursuing him upward-- He jumps from beam to beam, swivels behind posts as shots ricochet--

He drops *nine* of the men before he has to reload-- Enemy bullets *chewing up the post-beams* where he takes cover near the TOP-- *Sees*--

A DYNAMITE PLUNGER where the tower connects to the ridge, its lines trailing out and into the mine, buried under dirt-- *He made it*--

EXT. THOROUGHFARE - DUSK

*DENALI and HORNE fight viciously in the street, bone-crunching blows exchanged-- Horne grapples him, throws him down in the mud on top of a dead agent --

Denali's groping hands find a pistol in the waist band of a dead man-- Just as he raises it to fire --

Denali is shot in the chest. He drops. Horne looks to the rooftop where Red Harvest stands with a still smoking rifle.

Horne nods to Red Harvest, who nods back, then races away --

Shaky, dying, Horne starts to stand, sees four Blackstone Agents appearing out the smoke-- They've got him dead to rights--

Horne reaches his arm around and pulls Denali's knife out of his own back. The men approach, menacing --

DOG leaps into the scene, growling and snarling, taking the nearest Agent down by the throat-- The animal gets wounded, but still fights--

Horne charges the Agents with Denali's knife-- They shoot him once, twice, three times-- He doesn't stop slicing and stabbing until *they all fall*--

Then Horne collapses, dies looking into the wounded dog's eyes--

*TRACK where the four Agents had come from and see that EMMA, HANK STONER, and TEDDY Q stand on a porch firing rapidly - flanked by a slew of Agents.

Emma's group starts taking *heavy fire*, the wood around them bursting-- Teddy Q screams like a banshee and steps in front of Emma firing until he is shot again and again.

Emma drops in shock, watches Teddy die. The Agents continue firing.

Red Harvest leaps down from a rooftop, slides off a porch roof and joins Emma's group, firing arrows at the Agents. Then he *keeps moving, firing arrows-- Bullets smacking wood all around him*--

He takes out three of the Agents before the fourth *shoots him in the arm knocking his bow away*--

Emma sights on the Agent-- They each aim at the other, but Emma shoots first, killing the man. Then she kneels and touches Teddy's cheek.

EXT. ROSE CREEK - DAY

*Only TWO AGENTS left with Bogue, who carries his own shotgun -- He's bruised, soot-smearred and genuinely scared now-- The Agents stay close, trying to move him *toward the forests*--

BOGUE

Get me out of here!

They spirit him through the smoke and debris-- *Gunshots sounding continuously*--

Billy and Goodnight appear, firing, cutting them off before the forest, forcing Bogue's group to take cover--

*Faraday spots Chisolm at the top of the mine and FIFTEEN of the last remaining Agents on his tail-- Faraday spins his horse and heads back up the ridgeline.

Blackstones pursue at speed, firing after him--

A chase through the brush and bramble along a flattened bluff rimming the mountain-- Faraday is hit in the upper back, then the arm-- He rides toward the Reduction Works--

EXT. REDUCTION WORKS - DAY

**Bullets everywhere, crossfires*-- Chisolm holds his position behind some rocks, letting the number of Agents build-- He's about to go for the *dynamite plunger* when--

A ricochet knocks the plunger off the ridge, severing the fuse line-- Chisolm sees, huge setback--

He watches Agents advance-- Only *three bullets* left... Adopts a look of final resolve-- *Below, the mass of remaining Blackstone Agents* clamber toward him, black ants swarming--

He fires once, twice, two men fall-- *Last bullet*, another falls-- *No more*--

*Faraday arrives on horseback from the forest bluff, shooting behind him-- His horse rears to a sudden stop, and Faraday *half-falls off it*-- Chisolm catches him, *sees*--

Faraday's taken several bullets-- Faraday clocks the Agents climbing up the Reduction Works, sees that the dynamite plunger is gone-- Both men acknowledge that reality--

Then their eyes go to the opposite ridge where the Gatling gun carriage is now stopped and shredding the town.

Faraday *hands Chisolm his guns*--

FARADAY
...Give it to me.

CHISOLM
...What?

FARADAY
...You know what.

Beat, as their eye contact signals a pact--

FARADAY (CONT'D)
(re guns)
Take these... Now give it to me.

Chisolm reaches in his jacket and hands Faraday two STICKS OF DYNAMITE he was saving-- Faraday taking the suicide button--

CHISOLM
For the record. You don't owe me anything.

FARADAY
But *you* owe me something.

CHISOLM
What's that?

FARADAY
Kill that sonofabitch.

CHISOLM
Sounds about right.

Horsemen round the bluff, fifty yards away and *firing* --

*Chisolm gives Faraday cover fire and *leaps off the high ground, into the forest, firing as he falls--*

Chisolm breaks branches, lands on a hillock-- Groans, sees the Agents converging at the top of the Reduction Works.

Faraday darts into the mine as their shots spark on the rocks--
- the Agents *rush after him--*

EXT. ROSE CREEK - DAY

*Hiding around the muddied alleys and skirting the damage and dead bodies filling the place, Anthony is following Vasquez, who's fighting his way out of five other men--

Terrified, Anthony picks up a dead man's *pistol--*

Vasquez is still tearing through them, but *badly wounded*, bleeding everywhere-- *He fights from a mound of dead bodies--*

Dodges a final bullet and kills an Agent with a swipe of a knife, then collapses against a fence, unarmed, dying--

The LAST Agent left of the men he fought limps forward, one arm gashed and useless, the other holding a pistol--

AGENT

Your head's on my wall.

Anthony *throws himself* on Vasquez, screams *NO, NO!*-- Agent *hits him* with the butt of his pistol, knocking Anthony off--

When Vasquez look up at the agent a single red circle of blood dots his forehead and he falls like a sack of rocks.

Anthony turns to see that the shooter was --

Josiah, who rushes over. Vasquez smiles thanks and Josiah grabs the pistol and swats Anthony hard on the ass --

JOSIAH

Git to safety like I told you!

Anthony grins and races away.

EXT. FOREST, ROSE CREEK - DAY

*Chisolm sees that the GATLING GUN is still raining bullets--

Sees Billy and Goodnight fighting Bogue's group near the forest line--

Sees the remaining Agents rushing the MINE--

A stray horse has wandered away from the battles-- Chisolm *scrambles*, catches it and *rides*--

EXT. ROSE CREEK - DAY

*Billy and Goodnight face off against THREE AGENTS and BOGUE at a forest, cutting off Bogue's escape-- A stand-off, both parties under adequate cover--

Billy and Goodnight see the men and the *Gatling Gun which now starts to fire* -- Both look to each other with fatalism-- Goodnight breathes deep-- Bullets whiz--

GOODNIGHT

Listen... First me. Then you.

BILLY

That don't work for me, Goody.

GOODNIGHT

When I'm done... You make sure he gets dead.

BILLY

Hold it-

Goodnight rises and moves across the field of fire, rapid-firing his rifle side-armed--

Draws the Agents out, draws their fire-- Hits two, misses the third-- *Agent shoots Goodnight in the heart--*

Billy rushes Bogue and the Agent-- A fourth Agent, arriving at a distance, *hits* Billy with a rifle shot-- He shoots the Agent beside Bogue, throws his *sai* as he falls, *hitting Bogue in the shoulder--*

The fourth Agent *shoots at Billy again*, misses-- Billy rolls over and uses Goodnight's rifle to kill this man-- Billy drops the rifle-- A chest wound, both men shot in the heart--

He turns his head and looks into Goodnight's lifeless eyes-- Billy dies--

INT. ROSE CREEK MINE SHAFTS - DAY

A pursuit through the mine shafts-- through the ill-lit corners and rock-- Faraday *appears and disappears* in the dim stone shafts, *whistling, singing 'Oh Shenandoah'--*

Agents follow a fuse line along the rock, *cuts it* in view of the men as throughout--

FARADAY (O.S.)

Oh Shenandoah,
I long to see you,
Away, I'm bound away,
'cross the wide Missouri.

The agents walk toward Faraday's voice, slow--

FARADAY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Oh Shenandoah,
I love your daughter,
Away, you rolling river.
For her I'd cross,
Your roaming waters,

And then they find Faraday slumped against the rocks, candles lit on two outcrops-- He's bleeding out, smoking a cheroot-- *The room is laced with dynamite, gunpowder--*

BLACKSTONE AGENT

The fuse is cut.

Faraday grins, touches his cheroot to the sticks of DYNAMITE that drop out his sleeve--

NOTICE he's cut the fuses to a *quarter-inch* as the cigarillo's cherry *sparks them--* The agents go wide-eyed with horror-- Faraday smiles, big and bloody--

FARADAY

Chin up, assholes. We all die sometime.

The dynamite's EXPLOSION fills the narrow spaces with FIRE--

Taking thirty men with him, Josh Faraday leaves this world--

EXT. FOREST, MINE - DAY

EXPLOSION-- The mountain *shakes*, mine *blasts outward*, *ejecting men and stone--* Rocks *flying*, BOULDERS *tumbling down--* A *cave-in--* Chisolm sees it--

A moment of silence for his friend-- Broken when Chisolm sees an avalanche of *boulders* tumbling toward him--

**Chisolm rides into the tumbling rocks, guiding the horse slaloming around dozens of falling stones, toward an intercept of the new Blackstones and their Gatling Gun--*

EXT. ROSE CREEK - DAY

**Emma, Hank, Gavin and Topper watch the Gatling gun-- Emma looks around, can't see Bogue or anyone through the smoke and gunpowder--*

STONER

We gotta go-- Fall back!

EMMA

You go... I have to find him.

She leaps down from the wall-- Runs off on her own--

...Emma wanders through the haze, searching for Bogue-- She fires, hits a stray Agent through the smoke-- Bloody, exhausted, she scans desperately-

EXT. FOREST - DUSK

*WATTS is in a sniper position, hidden within trees-- He'd skipped much of the battle, waiting for his opportunity to strike-- With reinforcements arrived, he cradles his rifle, smiling--

EXT. ROAD TO ROSE CREEK - DUSK

*Agents on horseback are off to the side while the Gatling Gun lays waste to the town--

Chisolm *bursts* out the forest *from behind*, and the men on the cart are first to see him galloping after-- They call '*Rear fire! Rear fire!*'-- The Agents turn to engage Chisolm-- He fires both guns, two-handed-- *Hits* both men on the Gatling cart. The horses pulling the cart spook and start to run away with the big gun.

The *other Agents* turn and *open fire*-- Chisolm gallops his horse faster then slides down to one side of the horse and rides Indian style-- *as bullets whiz all around.*

He catches up to the cart --The cart's horses begin to panic and *stampede, turning up toward the ridge*--

He matches the Gatling Wagon's direction and *leaps onto it*, clambers toward the gun as the cart-horses sprint erratically, bouncing and jostling *up the mountain*--

Chisolm almost loses his grip a few times, finally positions himself at the Gatling Gun, flips its release, checks it feed and grabs the crank, then *swivels it around to his pursuers*--

CHISOLM

That's right. Run at the gun.

CHISOLM cranks the Gatling Gun and *unloads on the Agents*-- He takes a *bullet* in the shoulder-- *Another* in his calf-- He *keeps firing relentlessly*--

He's taken out over *twenty men* when he realizes the horses are *running them off a cliff*-- He thinks, elects to *not bail out but keep firing, cranking the Gatling*, chewing up the Blackstone Agents--

He hits more before the horses buck and *leap off the ridge cliff*, pulling the cart and gun tumbling behind them--

Chisolm falls off the cliff with the horses and cart, firing to the last--

EXT. ROSE CREEK - DUSK

*Bogue is alone, crouching near a wall, witnessing the battle that just occurred on the ridgeline: his reinforcements almost *wiped out by one man...*

He *sees* EMMA CULLEN stalking through the thoroughfare, searching for a fight-- He hoists his shotgun--

When he steps out, she's gone-- He looks around, spins-- She's behind him, holding her pistol on him, exhausted--

EMMA

I thought I'd have something to say... But I don't.

She pulls the trigger - *click* - out of bullets--

Bogue smiles as remaining AGENTS arrive, surrounding them--

EXT. FOREST, RIDGE - DUSK

*Chisolm's hand appears over the ridge, clawing at the dirt-- He pulls himself up with a supreme effort, bloody, shot up, bruised-- His features lost in *rage* as he crests the cliff--

FURTHER DOWN the FOREST--

*ON WATTS, watching as the new Agents join Bogue, and all surround Emma Cullen-- Watts sites in on her with a monocle rifle-scope, watching as she *reaches behind her back*, feeling for her *knife*--

Watts situates himself on a better purchase, aims at Emma, her hand at her knife--

WATTS

Should've stayed wherever you were, little girl.

Watts' Bowie Knife is slipped from his belt, suddenly appears at his throat-- Catches him short, eyes bright with fear--

Chisolm is behind him, holding the knife-- He whispers into his ear--

CHISOLM

I just killed you with your own knife, Mister.

WATTS

Wait--

CLOSE ON Chisolm's face as he *slits Watts's throat*--

EXT. ROSE CREEK - DUSK

*Bogue is furious, holding his wounded arm, shaking his head--
The Agents have Emma cornered, all draw on her--

BOGUE

You goddamn idiot of a woman. What
did you *really think* was going to
happen here? *How stupid can you be?*

Emma doesn't answer, just looks at Bogue with a pure, cold
hatred-- He's unimpressed--

BOGUE (CONT'D)

Your naivety is apocalyptic.
(to Agents)
Kill this whore. Now.

Ready to die, Emma starts to draw her husband's boot knife--

GUNFIRE-- *Three, Six, Nine Shots*-- Nine Agents drop-- Hank
Stoner and four other men, TOPPER, DAVID, JOSIAH, RED HARVEST
and STONER had positioned themselves around the Agents before
opening fire, using strategy--

Now they step out of their cubbies, and now *they* surround
Bogue and his few remaining men, who drop their weapons--

Bogue backs up--

BOGUE (CONT'D)

I'll pay you. More money than you
ever thought existed...

CHISOLM (O.S.)

Oh, nobody's interested in anything
like that...

Chisolm comes down from the forest, a wreck, reloading his
pistol. Bogue looks between his *three remaining Agents*--

CHISOLM (CONT'D)

You three can drop your guns and
haul out, or face the same thing as
him.

STONER

They took his cause. They should
take his price.

TOPPER

Seems fair.

The Agents are terrified--

CHISOLM

Other hand, considering everything,
maybe we should only kill them we
have to...

(to Emma)

Leave somebody to tell the story.

Emma starts to tremble, the slightest hint of breaking down--

EMMA

...He dies.

CHISOLM

Yes, he does. I never said by your
hand.

AGENT

Mister, I speak for myself and I
know my two colleagues, when I
say... uh... *I just got here...*

Chisolm looks between Hank, Emma-- All silently agree-- With
a sharp glance, Chisolm conveys that to the Agents, and the
three men tip their hats, take off running--

Bogue is approaching true, mortal fear, which shocks and
stuns him-- Emma walks toward him, raising her husband's boot
knife-- Bogue laughs--

BOGUE

You intend to kill me with a boot
knife?

The WHIR of metal and leather turns all heads to --

Chisolm who has drawn a pistol and leveled it at Bogue. Bogue
turns his attention to Chisolm.

BOGUE (CONT'D)

...You think this changes anything?

A beat, then he gathers himself, straightens defiantly--

BOGUE (CONT'D)

You think this changes Green River,
Kansas?

Emma's eyes go between Bogue and Chisolm, for the first time
realizing this is personal.

BOGUE (CONT'D)

It doesn't. Your family's still
dead, the railroad still runs and I
made enough money for my family to
live like royalty for generations.

(beat)

Killing me will not give you the
satisfaction you want.

Chisolm looks at Emma. Then, unexpectedly he flips the pistol
to her. She grabs it from the air, spins on Bogue and--

LIGHTS HIM UP - six shots - his body dances like a puppet on
the ground. She keeps pulling the trigger again and again
though there are no bullets remaining. Finally she stops.

The echo and smoke from the gunfire dies and everyone, a bit
shocked, looks at Emma, who still stares and points the gun
at Bogue.

EMMA

He was wrong.

She looks at Chisolm and the others.

EMMA (CONT'D)

That was pretty satisfying.

*And then... against her strongest wishes, in the midst of the
rubble of the town and surrounded by the battered men who
fought at her side, she drops to her knees, as her rage and
purpose now at last give way to grief and exhaustion.*

The other men look around, seeing who's left... No one
smiling over the victory--

PULL BACK to the sounds of dozens of small fires burning,
grit on the air--

PULL BACK to include the whole smoldering vista of Rose Creek,
its mine and valley and the mountain around it littered with
bodies, the blast scorches-- A blood-red sun settles beneath
heavy, brown clouds and smoke drifts over everything...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CEMETERY, ROSE CREEK - DAY

ON FIVE FLAGS that stand tall over *five fresh graves*-- Each
of the graves has a real headstone; *Faraday, Billy,*
Goodnight, Horne and Teddy Q all have stones there--

Chisolm walks grave to grave - his comrades. Vasquez, arm bandaged, trails him, crossing himself, grave to grave--

LENI holding the baby, stares at Horne's grave and sobs.

Chisolm stops at Josh Faraday's grave, smiles, nods.

CHISOLM
(to himself and Josh)
I know.

Emma walks up with the two bags of gold dust, hands them to Chisolm and Vasquez...

EMMA
Not what you bargained for but Red Harvest turned his share down so it splits nicely.

Chisolm looks at the bag, hands it back.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Keep up these graves. And splash some good whiskey now and again on Faraday's.

Vasquez spots Josiah off to the side, his arm around Anthony's shoulder. He walks over and hands his bag of gold to Josiah.

VASQUEZ
Rebuild the school.

Chisolm nods to Red Harvest --

CHISOLM
You staying?

RED HARVEST
I am. I have things to do.

He turns to the people, Emma in particular--

RED HARVEST (CONT'D)
When the Spirit showed me my new tribe, I do not think he showed me them. I think he showed me this.

CHISOLM
...Alright then.

Chisolm and Vasquez walk to their horses. Emma follows Chisolm, much like before...

EMMA

Sir, I have a proposition.

CHISOLM

I'm wary of propositions.

Emma smiles, the first time we've seen it.

EMMA

Stay.

Her eyes tell us she misses him already. Chisolm shakes his head "no", smiles back.

EMMA (CONT'D)

You don't fight this hard for something and forget it existed.

CHISOLM

I'll never forget. Take care, Mrs. Cullen.

EMMA

Emma.

CHISOLM

Take care, Emma.

EXT. ROSE CREEK - DUSK

Everyone watches Chisolm and Vasquez ride off together, heading into the mountains, Horne's Dog following beside--

Emma stands next to Red Harvest-- Her face impassive, glancing at him once as the two riders fade toward the sunset--

ON THE RIDERS

VASQUEZ

Where you headed?

CHISOLM

San Francisco for starters. You?

VASQUEZ

I figure I stick close to a bounty hunter no one will mistake me for bounty.

CHISOLM

Those are odds Faraday would approve of.

VASQUEZ
To Faraday.

CHISOLM
To Faraday.

VASQUEZ
Feels strange, winning somethin'
you don't own.

As they disappear over the hill...

CHISOLM
That's the life... No matter who's
left standing, we always lose.

VASQUEZ
Yeah, but that was incredible.

CHISOLM
No. That was magnificent.

The riders and the dog blur as heat-waves swallow them and their forms bleed to purple silhouettes, blending into the sunset blaze, liquid as fire, as though they were part of the same elemental discharge--

And from their town, the people watch them vanish into the horizon... As the sun sets it afire and the forms of the village and the people blur to silhouettes too, intermingling and dissipating into the vast swirling redness of the west...

FADE TO BLACK. *